

HAVE A RIGHT ROYAL TIME WITH THE KING OF COMICS



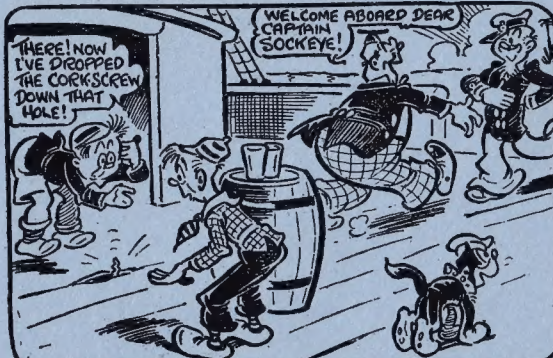
[No. 2,371.]

TINKER AND TICH GIVE THEMSELVES A LEG UP.

[OCTOBER 26, 1935.]



1. It was Thirstday after-lunch, and Tinker and Tich were after a gargle of pop from the barrel. But just then a visitor stepped over the side of the Neversink. "Put that barrel on the ice!" ordered Teacher Trotter. "Here's Captain Sockeye!"



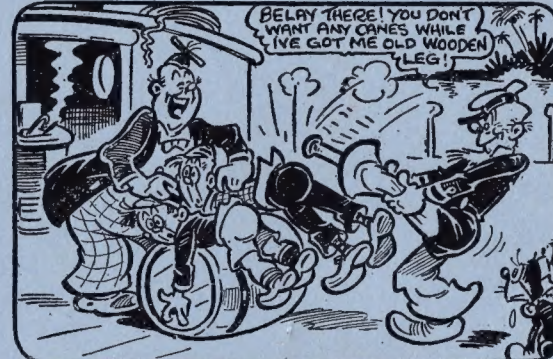
2. And he toddled forward to greet the skipper who'd come specially to give our bright scholars a lecture. But the flip Trotter handed Tich made him drop the corkscrew and it fluttered through a hole in the deck. "That's done it!" he gasped.



3. "I'll soon get it back," warbled Tinker. So he grasped the floorboard and yanked it well up. Which was rough luck on Trotter and Captain Sockeye, who happened to be standing on that plank. Not for long, though. Over the side they went.



4. And as the briny was very wet that day, they lost no time in hauling themselves out of it. "I'll tan those rascals for this!" hissed Trotter as he clambered back on deck. "Oh, will you!" gurgled Tinker, as he put all the canes in the stove.



5. "That's stopped his little larks!" chortled Tich. "Now he can't whack us! He's stumped!" "Yes, and so am I!" roared Captain Sockeye. "Put those rips across that barrel!" And while Trotter held them, Sockeye waded in with his peg-leg.



6. "Good for you, cap'n!" yodelled Trotter. "Now it's my turn." But Tinker and Tich had had quite enough to be going on with. So away they dashed, trundling the barrel. "Hoi! You come back!" howled Trotter, getting busy with the rope.



7. For he wanted to give Tinker and Tich a taster of the end. But that rope was longer than he thought, and it coiled itself all round old Sockeye. Not knowing of this, Trotter darted after the lads, and the skipper had a very eddy-fying time.



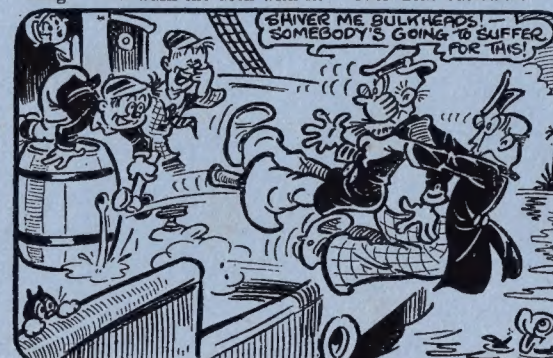
8. For he was spun round on his stump, and became so giddy that the ship looked like the whole fleet learning to fly. "None of this pop for you, my lads!" yelled Trotter, removing the bung. "I'll wash the deck with it." Then Tich butted in.



9. He sent the roller skate slithering across the deck, just as Sockeye came forward to ask someone to tell him who he was, and where he lived. And he put his foot down on the skate, and was completely carried away—right against the barrel of pop.



10. With a hefty zonk, his wooden stump jabbed itself into the bung-hole, stopping the waste of good gargle, to the great joy of Tinker and Tich. But there it stuck, and it was a case of all hands on deck to release the unfortunate Captain Sockeye.



11. Trotter was pulling him, but Tinker had the pull of both of them. For he was pushing Sockeye's hair-parting with his foot, and that, along with a tap from Tich's hammer, did the trick. Out came the wooden leg—and away shot the captain.



12. Trotter went with him, and once again they had a free dip. "A nice one you are to invite me aboard your ship!" the skipper screamed, dotting Trotter with his stump. And while they got on with it, the lads and the fair Katie had a cooler!

Another Absorbing Detective Yarn of Peter Trayle, Public Defender No. 1. It is Complete!

THE BETRAYING STEP

Who killed Mark Frankstein, the crook? The door was locked from inside, and the window barred. But Peter Trayle, with almost uncanny powers of deduction, solves the problem in a simple manner.

A Crook Meets His Doom.

THE death of Mark Frankstein, a certain gentleman living in a house in the East End of London, was very sudden. A revolver bullet through his heart ended his worthless life, and when news came through to New Scotland Yard, nobody mourned his loss.

Peter Trayle, Public Defender No. 1, was with Inspector Connolly at the time, and the reflections of these two great detectives were that the country would be better without him.

Alive, Frankstein had been a menace—a most dangerous type of criminal, with brains enough to keep himself just out of the law's clutches.

For years he had been suspected as being the head of a gang of thieves and the receiver of much stolen property, but New Scotland Yard had never been able to point more than an indirect finger of accusation at him.

But Mark Frankstein's crime career came to a swift end when that bullet crashed into his heart.

He was finished—done with. But his sudden passing out had left a puzzling mystery to be solved.

Who was the murderer?

The answer Public Defender No. 1 was determined to discover, and with his assistant, Paddy Dawson, beside him in a high-powered car, he drove without delay to the house of tragedy in the East End.

When they were admitted by the police-sergeant on guard, the divisional surgeon was at work examining the bulky form of Mark Frankstein, which lay on the floor of an upstairs room furnished as a study.

"Shot from the front, clean through the heart. Must have died instantly," reported the doctor.

Trayle allowed his searching gaze to travel round the room. It was comfortably furnished, with a thick, new carpet on the floor. The fireplace was a modern tiled affair, with a raised hearth, in the shape of a semicircle.

The grate was empty.

"Dashed hot in here!" murmured the detective throwing open his heavy motoring coat. "Who first discovered the crime, doctor?"

"Sergeant Firth," answered the busy medico. "He's outside now. Guess that's all I can do," he went on, rising to his feet. "Anything you'd like to know, Mr. Trayle?"

"Yes," said Peter, frowning down at the still bulk of Frankstein. "From what distance was the shot fired? And, most important, have you found the bullet?"

Dr. Watkins put back his instruments into a bag and thought hard for a moment or two.

"I should say he was shot from a very short range—not more than a couple of yards, at the most," he said. "The bullet went clean through him, and up to now I haven't been able to locate it."

"Thanks, doctor," nodded Trayle. "On your way out, would you ask Sergeant Firth to step up here, please?"

As the doctor left the room Trayle turned to Paddy.

"That bullet, son!" he cried. "It's got to be found. Search the place. You'll probably find it embedded in something. Ah, here comes Firth!"

Loud footsteps clattering up the staircase announced the arrival of the burly sergeant, and by the time he entered the room Paddy had begun his careful quest for the missing bullet.

"You were first on the scene, I understand,



There was the faint whir of machinery, and the empty grate swung round. "Gosh! It's moving!" cried the startled Paddy.

sergeant," said Trayle at once. "I'd like to hear your version of what happened."

"Yes, sir," Firth replied. "I was passing the house at about half-past seven, when I heard the sound of a revolver shot. Thinking to myself that this was Mr. Frankstein's place, and knowing there's always been something fishy about it, I put my shoulder to the door and barged it open. I was up the stairs in a couple of jiffies, and there was Mr. Frankstein lying dead on the floor, just like he is now, sir!"

"You saw no sign of anyone else? No one came down the stairs?"

"No, sir!" The sergeant's reply was emphatic. "No one left this room—I'll swear to that!"

The corners of Trayle's mouth twitched in a grim smile.

"You can swear till you're blue in the face, sergeant," he said. "Someone did leave this room after killing Frankstein. And he didn't leave by the window, either—that is well barred. Think back, sergeant. Did anything strike you as funny when you came into the room? Did you hear anything, see anything, or smell anything?"

"Now you come to mention it, sir," replied the sergeant slowly. "I noticed the smell of something burning. It struck me as being a bit queer at the time, because it was stronger than the fumes left by the revolver shot. And—well, that's about all, I think, sir."

"Thank you, sergeant," smiled Peter. "Who's that at the front door now?"

"It'll be Dr. Watkins and the ambulance, sir," replied the officer. "Shall I give him a hand?"

"If you please," said Trayle.

Five minutes later the ambulance had gone and Peter and Paddy were left alone in the room.

Suddenly, from his kneeling position on the floor, Paddy gave a yell.

"Here it is, guv'nor!" he cried, taking out his pocket-knife and probing into a deep, slanting hole in the skirting-board. "I've found the bullet!"

"H'm! Fired from a Stegmet automatic!" the detective announced, holding the leaden blob in the palm of his hand. "That solves the question of the type of gun used in the killing. Who used it is another matter, but we've got to find out. First, let's try to discover how the man got out of the room without Sergeant Firth spotting him. It's a certainty that he didn't leave by either the door or the window!"

Again the detective looked round, and then suddenly dropped to his knees in front of the fireplace, his interest aroused by the discovery of a small cinder sunk into the carpet. It had burnt a hole about the size of a penny in the thick pile.

Instantly his keen brain connected it with the sergeant's statement that he had smelt something burning on entering the room.

Then he looked at the grate. It was empty and cold.

"That's funny, Paddy!" he muttered, touching the chill bars of the fireplace. "This burn in the carpet was made less than two hours ago by a piece of red-hot cinder—and yet there has been no fire! What do you make of it?"

It was an amazing riddle, and Paddy had no immediate answer to offer.

The detective continued, speaking his thoughts aloud.

"If there's been no fire how do you account for the room being so warm? I noticed it directly I came in from the cold air outside."

Trayle rose to his feet and for some moments stared at the half-circular hearth. An idea flashed into his mind—an idea so fantastic that he was at first prepared to dismiss it.

"And yet, I don't know!" he murmured. "It might be possible."

Paddy blinked as his famous chief began to run his hands around the sides of the fireplace.

What was he searching for? Suddenly Trayle's probing fingers encountered a small tile that sunk a fraction of an inch when he touched it.

A faint whir of hidden

machinery, and before their wondering eyes the whole fireplace started to revolve!

Fascinated, they watched it.

The empty grate turned away from them and disappeared, bringing into view a second fireplace, identical in every respect, except that it contained a glowing, red-hot fire!

"Gosh, it's moving!" cried Paddy.

Trayle snapped his fingers in delight at the discovery.

"Now we know where that red-hot cinder came from and why the room was so warm!" he said. "Two fireplaces, back to back, swing round on a circular hearth! And that's how the killer got away without being spotted! Come on, Paddy; this is worth investigating."

Thrilled by his astonishing find, Peter again pressed the loose tile, and as the fireplaces again revolved, he darted forward.

With Paddy close behind, the detective dived through the aperture before the two fireplaces turned completely round—and found themselves in a totally dark room beyond.

Trayle's pocket torch cut the blackness, and by its helpful rays he discovered an electric switch, which he clicked down.

The flooding light revealed to them a room about twelve feet square. In one wall was a paint-blackened window, with its inside catch unlocked.

Clearly, that was how the killer had got away. Footprints on the bare, dusty floorboards leading to the window proved it at a glance.

But Public Defender No. 1 found his interest centred more on a stack of brown-paper parcels piled up on the far side of the room.

"If I'm not much mistaken, Paddy, we've stumbled on Frankstein's secret storage place," he said. "No wonder he was never caught with goods. No one dreamed that the fireplace was a trick one, leading to this hidden room."

As he spoke Trayle stepped forward, but suddenly, coinciding with a yell of pain that broke from him, the electric light snapped out, plunging the room into darkness.

Almost immediately the light flashed on again, and the puzzled assistant saw his chief staring down at a loose board, a corner of which projected above the floor level.

"A dashed dangerous thing to leave that board loose!" he snapped. "When I stepped on it I got a terrific electric shock."

"Probably a nail that sticks through one of the electricity wires, guv'nor!" chipped in Paddy. "It short-circuits the current. That's why the light went out!"

Peter nodded.

"It's been like that for some time, by the look of it!" he murmured. "Still, I suppose Frankstein knew all about it. It's an easy enough thing to avoid, if you're in the know, and it suggests a plan of discovering the murderer."

A Trap for the Killer.

IT took two hours of hard work on the part of Public Defender No. 1 to make his plans, but it resulted in two men being taken to the house where Frankstein had met his death.

Both of these men had been recently released from prison, having served stiff sentences for burglary. It was generally suspected that they had been associates of Frankstein, the master-crook of them all.

The first of them, Leo Marsh, was taken upstairs to the study, while the other, Pat Keeley, was left below in charge of Sergeant Firth.

"Marsh," said Peter to the ex-convict, "you know that Frankstein is dead. He was murdered! Did you know where he stored the stolen property that he received?"

Marsh shook his head.

"Honest, guv'nor, I've no idea!" he exclaimed. "I've taken the rap for what I did and now I'm going straight. I'd tell you if I knew—and that's the truth!"

"You don't know!" repeated Trayle. "Very well, then, I'll show you!"

His finger set in motion the hidden machinery that revolved the fireplace, and he

watched Marsh's growing surprise with eyes that never blinked.

"Love a parrot!" exclaimed the ex-convict, glimpsing the lighted secret room beyond. "So that's where he kept the stuff, eh?"

"Yes," nodded the detective; "come inside." Leading the way into the hidden room, Peter took care not to step on to the loose board—but Marsh walked straight on to it, and yelled in pain and surprise when the powerful current ran through his body.

"Sorry, Marsh!" cried Trayle, when the one-time crook leapt off the loose board and caused the light to blaze on again. "I ought to have told you to watch your step. But that's all I want of you, I think," he added quickly. "You can go now, and keep going straight, remember!"

The crook nodded his acceptance of the good advice.

"Reck'n I will, Mr. Trayle!" he muttered. "What chance have fellers like me against a tee like you. How you found out this place has me beat. I've been in that other room a score of times with ol' Frankstein."

Thus far, Trayle had eliminated the first of the two suspects. The second man, Keeley, was called up immediately Marsh had left the house.

Keeley, too, showed startled surprise when Public Defender No. 1 revealed the trick fire-place entrance to Frankstein's loot store.

"Step inside and take a look round, Keeley," Peter suggested.

"Sure!" agreed Keeley, following Trayle into the room.

Peter was watching the man's every step—but when he came to the loose board Keeley increased the length of his stride and stepped over it.

Was it by accident or force of habit that made Keeley dodge the loose board?

He couldn't be sure—yet.

"How big would you reckon this room to be, Keeley?" asked the detective suddenly.

"Would you mind pacing it off both ways?" Keeley started and stared, but he obeyed with a scowl and paced the whole length of the room.

Then he paced off the width, but on neither of these occasions did he allow his foot to fall upon the loose board.

Consciously or unconsciously, he avoided it! Trayle's eyes narrowed.

"You said you'd never been in this room before, Keeley!" he snapped. "Is that true?"

"I've told you once that I never set foot in this place before!" growled the ex-convict in reply. "It's the truth!"

"It's a lie!" answered Public Defender No. 1 coldly.

Keeley started and stared. Relentlessly the detective went on.

"You betrayed yourself, Keeley!" he cried. "By the way you automatically stepped over that loose board, knowing that when pushed down it short-circuits the lights, proves that you are no stranger in this room! You've been here before—often!"

"You—" began Keeley, his eyes flaming in anger.

"Don't make a move!" chipped in Trayle. But Keeley seized his only desperate chance. Suddenly he stamped his foot down on the loose board, plunging the room into darkness.

A revolver, appearing magically in his hand just before the complete black-out, barked in loud report!

The gun was directed full at Trayle, and Keeley felt confident that the bullet had found its mark.

But he was wrong.

A figure came flying through the darkness at him, clutching him round the legs, and bowling him over with a crash.

Then the light came on again, revealing Pat Keeley in the iron grip of the detective.

"Sorry, Keeley," snapped Trayle. "I anticipated that move!"

A quick wren removed the gun from Keeley's hand. It was a Stegmet automatic.

"That's all the other evidence I need!" said Trayle, satisfied, clicking a pair of handcuffs on Keeley's wrists. "You killed Frankstein and escaped through this secret room! That's why the empty fireplace appeared on the other side! But your step betrayed you."

Another good yarn of Peter Trayle next week. A tale of thrilling mystery and furive intrigue.

AN EDITORIAL WARBLE.

207, The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

DEAR COMIC OUTLETS,—How are you liking the "Sunset Trail" stories? Good, aren't they? Those old-time pioneers certainly had courage. But the exciting adventures you have read are nothing to those that are coming along.

By the way, did you get your "Jolly Comic" last Wednesday, with its splendid Free Gift of Flip the Frog? If you have not done so, run along to the newsagent without delay and spend a penny on the "Jolly."

Flip the Frog will give you hours of fun and laughter, and I know you will enjoy the funny pictures and thrilling stories in the "Jolly."

Sebastian Ginger tells me Flip is the funniest thing he has seen since he saw me fall downstairs. What a boy!

Your old friend,
CLARENCE CUTS.

HALLO, FOLKS!



Have you had your FLIP THE FROG yet? It's a topping comical novelty toy given away with the "Jolly Comic" on sale on Wednesday, October 16th. So get a copy right away and have some fun with Flip.

JOLLY COMIC.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE

1d.

START TO-DAY! You will enjoy this stirring tale of the Wild West.



The tilted wagons rumble on their way across the boundless western plains. All Nature appears to be at peace, but every rider in that wagon train knows that lurking Redskins lie in wait to take their toll.

A Redskin Trap.

SNARLING BEAR's voice was insolent. He had not even risen to his feet when the little group of white men rode into his village. He sat outside his wigwam, surrounded by a bodyguard of braves, and stared stolidly at Bat Mallory, the leader of the scouts.

"Paleface not bring presents for Snarling Bear? No powder, no sugar, no flour? Heap bad medicine!"

The bearded face of the scout leader darkened, and his big hand clenched.

"Presents me, peace!" he answered. "If Snarling Bear ha come to the wagon camp to smoko the peace pipe there would have been presents—"

He was interrupted by an ancient and hideous squaw who leapt suddenly out of the chief's wigwam, and started to caper and scream before him.

She used an Indian tongue which Bat did not fully understand but he made out enough of her words to realise that she meant trouble.

She said that the palefaces were bad medicine. They were as helpless in that country as sheep among wolves. They were rich, they had cattle and horses and food. If they did not send these things to Snarling Bear, Snarling Bear's braves could take them by force!

By the side of Bat was Clifton Gale, the Englishman scout. He understood none of the old hag's speech and his attention wandered to the wigwam village. His quick eye caught a glimpse of stealthily moving forms—braves, naked except for their war-paint—creeping towards their horses.

"Quick, Bat!" he hissed. "They're preparing to attack the wagon train while we're away from it!"

Bat Mallory cut short the old woman's screech in a way that sent her cowering back in terror and froze every creeping brave throughout the wigwam village.

His hand flashed down to his gun. The heavy nickel and ivory Colt glittered in the sunshin, above the head of Snarling Bear and craned out twice.

"Listen Redmen!" he thundered. "The old woman has spoken of raids and scalps and looting! This is war talk! She says that the white man's medicine is bad—this is the white man's medicine!"

And again the big gun spoke.

Then, before the Redskins could recover, he wheeled his horse, and the little troop pounded after him through the wigwams and out on to the rolling prairie towards the train.

"I'm shore durned glad to see you back!" said old Aaron Coot. "Thar's bin a whole heap of Redskin hanging around as though they might try an' rush the wagons at any minute. Seemed as ef they was waitin' fer some signal."

Bat nodded.

"Snarling Bear aimed to keep us arguing with his old medicine-woman while he got his men out to cut us off, Aaron, I reckon we'd best camp. Thar's going to be war!"

The wagons were drawn up into a circle and the cattle and horses driven inside. While this was being done bands of mounted Indians rode up to watch—careful, however, to keep just out of rifle shot.

There seemed to be hundreds, and the pioneers, hardy and fearless men that they were, cast many an anxious glance from the Redskins to Bat and Aaron.

Young Donald Dean sought out the Englishman scout.

"Mr. Gale," he said, "people are saying that the Redski are too many for us. How ever well our people fight, we can't hold 'em off for ever. Bat says there's no help for it but to shoot straight and hope for the best."

Gale looked at the boy thoughtfully.

"Don, I've got a plan which will even things up a lot. I need help to put it into operation—an, whoever helps me must be prepared to disobey orders. I'm going to lay a trap for Snarling Bear and his friends out beyond the watch-fires."

It was a rule of Bat's that no one was to go beyond the circle of the wagons at night. Four great fires were kept burning all night so that attacking Indians could be seen. But a favourite habit of the Redskins was to send tomahawk men creeping through the long prairie grass to murder and scalp any paleface that left the shelter of the wagons. Hence Bat's order.

Don looked at the Englishman and nodded. "I'll help, Mr. Gale," he said quietly. "And if we win through I don't suppose there will be much trouble!"

Clifton Gale nodded grimly as he looked round the camp.

"We must not fail, Don," he said.

Darkness fell upon the ring of wagons. The four great heaps of brushwood and logs were lit. Every man and woman who could use a gun crept under the wagons and peered out from the shelter of the wheels. Their loaded guns were ready; by their sides were powder and shot. Axes and bowie-knives were handy, too. If the Indians once broke through, the fighting would be hand-to-hand—axe and bowie and clubbed gun against tomahawk and cruel scalping-knife!

Gale and Donald waited their opportunity. To be seen crawling out into the darkness would bring the wrath of Bat down on them.

Except for the crackling of the fires, a silence had fallen over the wagons, the silence that comes before battle, when men stare with straining eye into the darkness for a first glimpse of the enemy.

An old Irishwoman, Biddy Mulligan, spotted Gale and Don as they attempted to crawl past her wagon.

The Night Attack.

LET us through, Mrs. Mulligan," whispered Gale, "and tell no one we've gone! Don and I are going to lay a trap for the Redskins, in case they get too close!"

She glanced at the things they carried—wooden stake, a coil of wire and a mallet—and she nodded.

"Away wid ye, and good luck! If yer trap brings any of the red devils to the ground, it's meself as'll see they don't sit up again!"



Gale snatched up Don. "Hang on to me!" he yelled.

And she patted her long gun.

A moment later Don and Gale had wormed their way through the long grass beyond the light of the fires.

Suddenly there was a drumming of hoofs out on the prairie. Then arose a screaming yell of such bloodcurdling ferocity that Don caught his breath.

Peering through the grass stems, he saw, dimly lighted by the fires, a mass of naked, bare-backed riders hurtling straight towards them. It seemed as if nothing could save them from death under the hoofs of that charging attack, and only Gale's hand on his shoulder prevented Don from leaping up in a panic and dashing wildly back to the wagons.

But Gale knew they would not be over-ridden. The Indians' charge swung away while still two hundred yards from the two. The mass spread out, and in a long, galloping line, began to circle the wagon camp.

Yell after fiendish yell rent the night, and there came a swish! like a flight of starlings above the heads of Don and Gale as a volley of arrows sped towards the wagons.

"Now's our chance!" hissed Gale.

He pulled the wooden mallet from his belt and unloosed the bundle of stakes. One by one he drove the stakes into the hard ground about six feet apart. Don crawled after him with the coil of fencing-wire. He twisted it firmly to the top of each stake, so that a low fence about eighteen inches from the ground stretched through the grass, invisible, a deadly snare to galloping hoofs!

Round swept the Indian horsemen again, shooting steadily as they rode. They were nearer this time, but still a terribly difficult target in that dim light. The pioneers were holding their fire. They were protected by

their wagons from the arrows, and they could afford to wait until every shot was a certainty before they fired.

"They'll be into the wire next time!" whispered Gale.

The two crept away and began to lay another strand. They fixed three before the guns of the wagon defenders began to speak.

"Look out, Don—get ready to dash for it!"

The charging Redskins swept round again, this time making straight for the hidden wire that barred their path.

The leading mustang crashed to the ground, throwing its rider through the air. Then the next—then a whole bunch went down in a heap of struggling men and screaming horses.

A thunderous volley burst from the wagons. This was a very different target.

The heavy boom of the old long guns with which the pioneers were armed mingled with the lighter crack! of the scouts' Winchester, and a deadly hail of lead flew over the heads of Don and Gale.

The next instant a fresh attack was launched out of the night. It was Snarling Bear's own braves, with the chief at their head, that flung themselves into the battle.

As the new horsemen rode in, a number of Indians who had been creeping stealthily through the grass leapt suddenly to their feet, and charged with waving tomahawks towards the wagons.

Don and Gale found themselves in a terrible situation. To run back to the wagon camp was to be shot—they would not be distinguished from Indians in that dim light.

"After me, Don!" shouted Gale.

He got to his feet and started to run straight towards the oncoming horsemen. A naked savage rose up almost at his feet and lunged at the Englishman with murderous tomahawk. Gale caught the blow with his mallet, and his other fist crashed into the Indian's face.

Another brave hurled himself, yelling, at the Englishman, only to fall with a bullet from Gale's Derringer through his brain.

All this Don saw as in a mad nightmare. In the red glare of the fires the painted savages were like awful fiends. The thunder of the guns was almost continuous, the war-whoops and death screams of the frenzied Redmen was a hideous babel.

Then the charge of Snarling Bear was upon them, and Don gave himself up for lost.

But he had forgotten the last strand of wire.

Mallory, followed by a group of scouts, threw themselves where the fighting was hottest. Deeds of desperate heroism were performed by simple settlers who were fighting for their wives, their children, and their lives.

"Where's Clifton Gale?" roared Bat Mallory.

It was Biddy Mulligan's voice that answered. The gallant old Irishwoman was grimed and blackened with powder, and her white head was gashed from a tomahawk blow.

"He went out beyond wid the boy!" she shouted. "Twas they as laid the wire that brought the horsemen down!"

"Then they're dead!" muttered Bat, as he threw himself once more into the scrap.

It seem'd to the leader of the scouts that there was little that could save the rest of them. Twice they had been driven back from the wagons. Two wagons had been set on fire and lit up the desperate fight like gigantic torches. The whites dogged to the last, were falling back from sheer weight of numbers.

Out on the dark prairie Clifton Gale struggled with the mustang. With one arm holding Donald, he had little power over the beast. It flew headlong through the night, and the roar of the fight dwindled behind them.

Suddenly he saw lights ahead—faint, red glimmers.

"Fires, Don—camp fires!"

Then he recognised where they were.

"Wigwams—it's Snarling Bear's village!"

Through the tee-pee lines the big mustang thundered. A few dark shadows detached themselves and shouted, one leapt for the bride. Gale's Derringer snapped viciously and the man screamed and dropped.

His scream and the sound of the shot awoke a panic in the camp which contained only a few old men, a couple or more braves who were acting as sentries and the squaws.

"The palefaces have come—our braves are all slain!" they yelled.

Don had dropped from Gale's grip as the Englishman fired. He found himself standing by a small fire that burnt outside a large wigwam. He stooped, plucked up a handful of blazing brushwood, and flung it on a pile of loose hay against the tent's side. In an instant it blazed up, and Don, catching up another torch ran to the next wigwam.

The blazing tee-pees struck terror into the hearts of the few remaining Indians. They rushed to their horses and fled.

Don worked in a sort of frenzy. Tent after tent blazed up, and the boy threw everything that would burn on to the flames.

Gale, his mustang now under control, rode whooping after the fleeing Redskins, firing and trying to make as much noise as the troop of horsemen that they imagined him to be. He saw them thunder off towards the angry glow in the distance which marked the battle for the wagons, and then returned to pick up Don. "I've set the whole of their village afire!" yelled the boy.

"Good work, Don boy—it may be the saving of the whole wagon train. Now we've got to get scarce before Snarling Bear and his bad-tempered cubs come back!"

He helped Don up behind, and they galloped away intending to make a wide detour towards the wagon camp.

It was at that moment that the old squaw that was Snarling Bear's medicine woman reached the fight. She screamed that a white army had stormed the wigwam village and burnt it.

The news came just as Bat was rallying his men for the last desperate stand. The Indians wavered. They glanced over their shoulders and saw the glare in the sky that marked their blazing village. Then Bat and his men, with the ferocity and determination of men whose very lives are at stake, were among them like savage wolves.

"Back—drive the varmints back!" yelled Biddy Mulligan laying about her with a huge long-handled iron saucepan, "arrah, boys—we've got 'em on the run!"

The rush swept the Redskins back to the captured wagons. Bat Mallory leapt up through the opening of a wagon cover and slew with his last shot a brave who was attempting to set the wagon on fire.

Another Indian who tried to knife him he knocked into unconsciousness with a terrific fist. Then through the other end of the wagon cover he glimpsed the feather-crowned head of the man he had faced in the wigwam village that morning.

With a savage roar the scout leader broke his own rule. He leapt down on the far side of the wagon ring and threw himself at the chief just as Snarling Bear was climbing to the back of a mustang.

The red warrior was caught by a great hand and thrown from his mustang. The next second, snarling like the animal he was named after, he flew, knife in hand, at Bat.

It was a short, sharp fight, and it ended with a crack! as the red man's spine was broken across the knee of the white.

The shooting stopped, and the silence crept back to the scene that had roared a few moments before with the fury of battle.

Out of the darkness trotted a weary black mustang, on his back a boy and a man.

They stopped before Bat who stood with the twisted body of the Indian chief at his feet.

"Broken my orders, eh?" grunted Bat Mallory, "that's jest what you'd expect from a durned Englishman and a boy!"

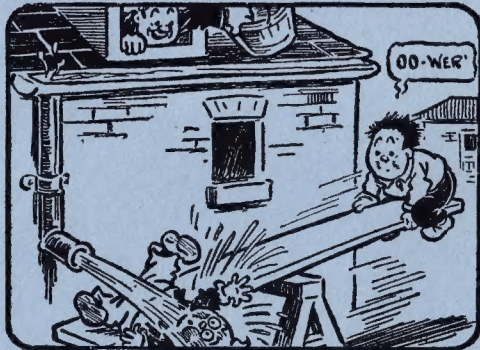
But the big man's handclasp told them what he really thought about it!

(Ride the Sunset Trail with these hardy pioneers each week in COMIC CUTS, Another thrilling yarn next Friday.)

THE TWINS & THEIR UNCLE TOM



1. That see-saw the Twins were playing on made them raise a laugh, much to the annoyance of Uncle Tom. "Keep me awake, would they?" said he. "I'll show 'em!"



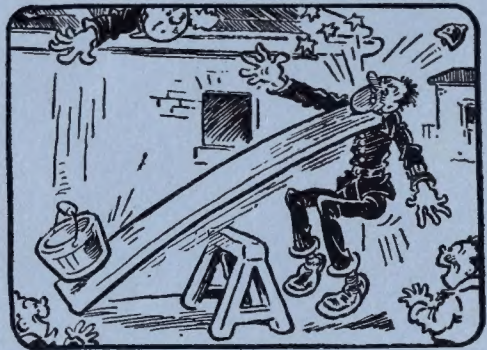
2. Saying which, he poured a bucketful of wetness into the guttering above. Swish! Down the rainpipe it skipped, and splosh into Sammy's set of features.



3. "Owsh!" fluted the fair-thatched nipper, falling off the see-saw. Thusly was Jackie let down with a severe bonk, too! And didn't old Fairyfoot chortle?



4. "Hee-hee! That bumped you off!" cackled the old copper. "Laugh that off, you rips!" "And now for a nap!" spake Tom, buzzing the empty bucket away.



5. But as it happened the bucket bonked down on the upper end of the see-saw—sok! Causing it to go down in the dumps, and lift t'other end under Fairy's chin!



6. "Yow!" yawped Fairy. "Who did that, hey?" "Pup-pup-please excuse me!" bleated Uncle Tom. "I'm going out!" He does change his mind, don't he?

TOMATO KHAN THE PERKY PERSIAN



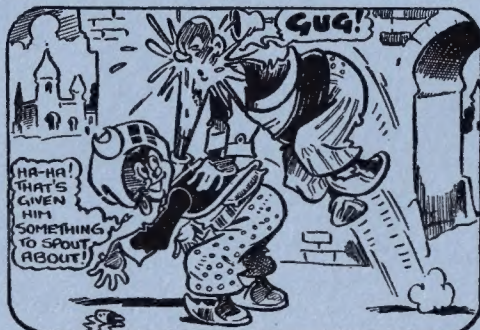
1. Ali Kerzunk is a nasty, spiteful sort of citizen, and seeing Tomato Khan bending down to do up his sock-descender, he came dashing up behind him and started to play over-backs. And Tomato fell for it—thud!



2. "Phew! What happened?" piped our pal, sitting up and trying to take notice. And what he noticed was a gent near by who was giving him punctured water-bottle the sack. "Ha!" quoth Tomato Khan to himself.

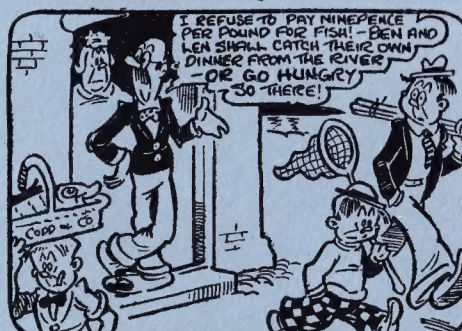


3. "Verily 'tis a goodly notion that travels under my turban!" Saying which, he artfully pushed that water-bottle up under the back of his jacket, as shown, and patiently awaited the return of old Ali Kerzunk.



4. "What-ho! Here's where I flatten him out again!" yaffled the nasty one. But directly he plonked his hands down on Tomato's back he pushed the juice out of that water-bottle, up into his own face—splosh!

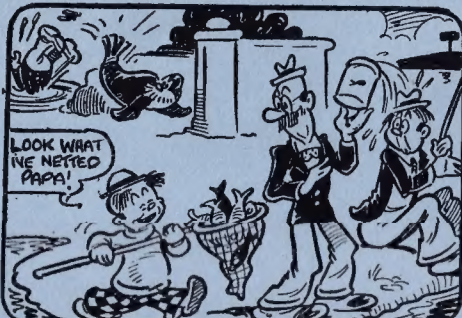
BIG BEN AND



1. "Pooh! Likewise pish-tush!" parped Pa. "Ninepence per pound for fish, indeed! I refuse to pay it! Ben and Len shall go and fish for their dinner, or go hungry!" "Hur! Old skinfint!" snorted Big Ben.



2. So down to the river two hours later Pa popped, whales they'd caught, little tidder? yelped J.



4. Then back to Pa he galloped. "Look what I've netted, Pa!" piped he. "Har! Now that's something like!" whooped Pa. "Like what?" sniffed Big Ben. "Like I used to catch myself!" spake Pa.



5. "I'll take that little shouldn't take a bit of credit going fishing, anyway!" sealion had decided to



7. Then he popped inside just as the sealion swallowed his dinner. "Yow!" screeched Cookie, nearly throwing a swoon. And Pa nearly swallowed his moustache.

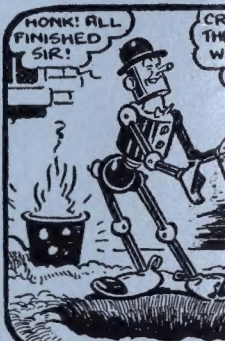


8. "Hur! Think that's Cookie. 'Get out and take gas-meter busted on Pa's

Mac-Hinery, the



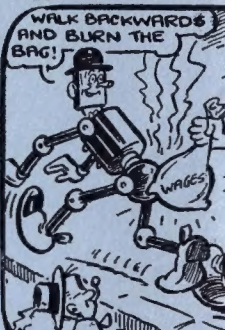
1. Our mechanical man was clanking down Catchmeo Crescent one morn, when Ronald, the road-mender, said to him: "Dig that hole for me and you're on a free feed." "Honk-honk!" clanked Mac. "Watch me!"



2. Well, it didn't take Mac to dig the desired dent in he tufted, pretty present happened to spot the for



4. Enough to make anyone hot and cross, wasn't it? Especially as Mao landed in the brazier! But, being a man of steel, he merely burned with indignation.



5. "Haw, haw! Got the rippled Ronald. 'Sez you close behind him. 'I'm b

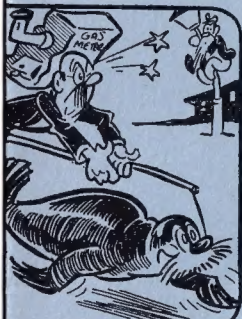
LITTLE LEN



drifted our dnet, and about ed down to see how many What! Only caught that a to Ben. "Disgustful!"



lot. Don't see why I edit. After all, I suggested But in the meantime the track down his dinner.



funny, I suppose?" snorted e that!" And—dong! The peltry, scattering its wealth.



3. "Coo! I'd better beat Ben's catch," yummied Little Len to himself. So, seeing that gent feeding the seahion near by, the wee one side-tracked his attention with a bit of back-chat and caught all those fish.



6. Then back to the homestead gambolled Pa, carolling to Cookie as he hove-to: "Ahoey there, Cookie! Bring forth the jolly old frying-pan. I've got the grandest fish you ever saw. Some angler—that's me!"



9. "Good-ho! We got something out of the fishing, anyway," lisped Len. "Let's have a dose of fish and chips, brother. Pa's too fed up already to want any!"

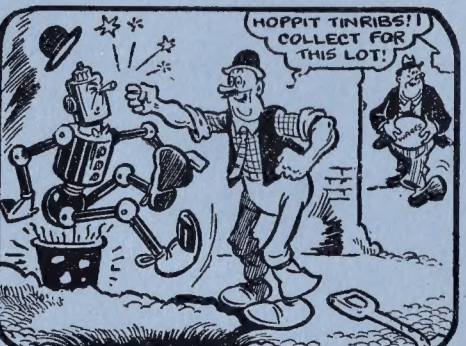
Mechanical Man.



no more than about so long the road. "All done, sir!" y. But just then Ronald man coming with the pay.



lbs, and now to spend 'em!" "clanked Mac, coming up rning to get some wealth!"

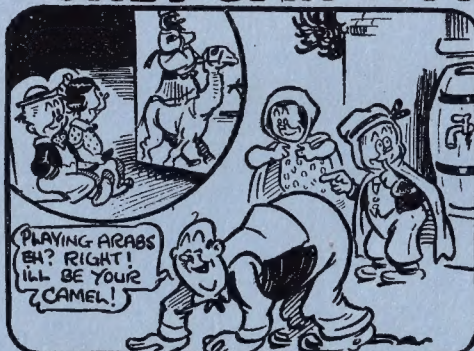


3. "Hur! I'm not sharing this with anyone!" quoth the greedy road-mender. "Hopbit, Tinrirs! I'll collect for this job of work. You can go and eat baked tintacks!" And he gave Mac a wallop.



6. And by pushing his well-warmed seat against the cash-bag, he neatly singed the bottom out of it, thusly releasing the cash and catching his share.

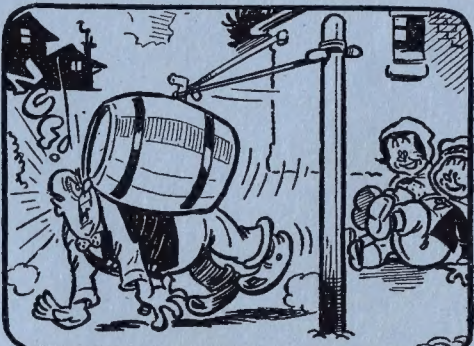
THEY SAW IT AT THE PICTURES



1. When Tim and Tilly toddled home from the Talkie-drome they determined to be Arabs. "So that's the game, eh?" sniggered Nunky. "Right. I'll be your camel."



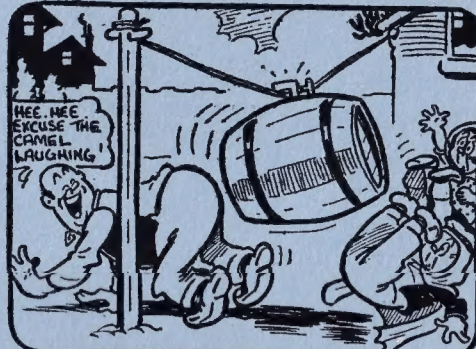
3. "Owp! I thought this was a game!" groaned the old 'un. "Feels more like a war!" "Away, my ship of the desert!" trolled Tim. "Ain't I a shriek, O sister?"



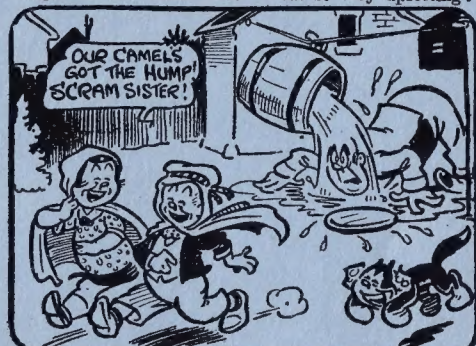
5. "Haw, haw!" tittered Nunky. "How does the desert strike you?" He all "butt" had the laugh over them. But the butt swung it on him, as shown—kerlunk!



2. "Well, we have to take plenty of water aboard for a trip over the desert!" tootled Tim, trundling out the water butt. "Hold it, camel!" And Nunk did,



4. But both of our tiny terrors did a bit of shrieking the next jiffy. 'Cos the tap on the water butt got caught on the clothes line. 'Twas so very upsetting!



6. Then out swished the wetness—splosh! Right over the old buffer's bean. "Tee-hee! I bet that's given our camel the hump!" tittered Tim. "Let's go!"

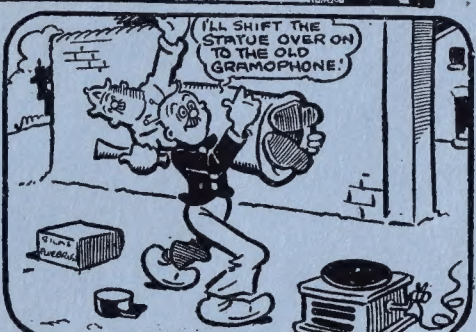
TOBY TATTS OF FLUEBRUSH FLATS



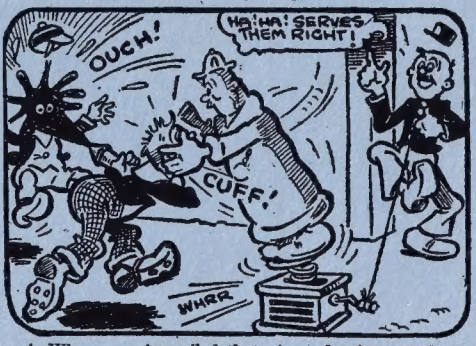
1. When Toby Tatts toddled out to polish up the statue of Silas Fluebrush t'other morn he found it severely soiled with black ink. "Haw, haw! How's that, Toby?" cackled the kids with the squirt. "Done you again!"



3. Then, when all was set, Toby Tatts waited. And sure enough, those ink-spraying youthlets returned. "Look! Toby's cleaned it!" whooped one. "Splash it again, Clarence!" "Now for it!" tittered our Toby.

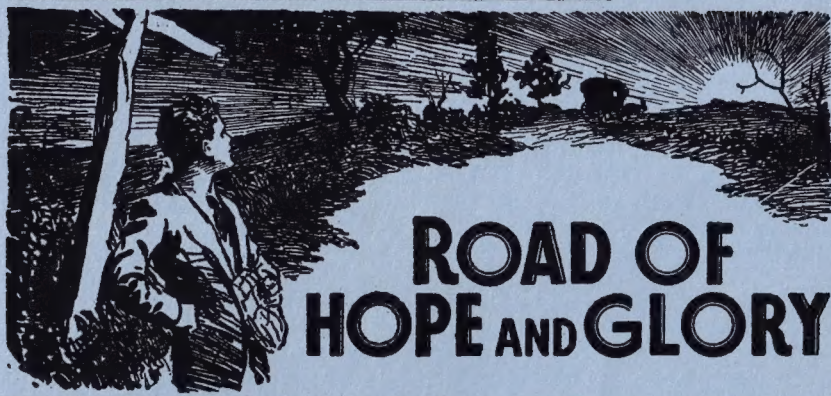


2. So Toby put on his thinking-cap and decided to do those larky lads a bad turn. "A shift in time saves trouble," quoth our comical caretaker, taking care to shift the statue on to that gramophone. Clever, eh?



4. Whereupon he pulled that piece of string attached to the gramophone, thusly starting the motor and causing the statue to turn on the young rascals, like so—slap, swish! A "hand-some" revenge, wasn't it? 26-10-35

Mystery and Sporting Adventure on the Open Road.



ROAD OF HOPE AND GLORY

Barry Bryant was down and out when he met Joe Palmer, ex-boxing champion and peddler of patent medicine. But a new and better chance came the boy's way, and old Joe was missing when Barry went to find him.

New Comrades.

"DON'T try to follow me. We'll meet again—but not until you've made good."

The words seemed to beat in Barry Bryant's brain as he stood alone in the moorland clearing beside the embers of the dying camp-fire. Slowly he crushed the note, Joe Palmer had left, in his hand and turned away.

It was all in keeping with the old sportsman's character. Thinking he would be in the way—now Barry had been taken up by Sigismund Wilmot, the big fight promoter—he had quixotically stolen away out of Barry's life.

His thoughts turned to the only haven left him—Wilmot's boxing "stable" down in the town. The promoter had given him twenty-four hours to reconsider his decision to stand by Joe Palmer. And now Joe himself had cast the deciding vote.

Squaring his shoulders under his shabby jacket Barry strode from the clearing and along the moorland road. He knew he was going to possible fame and fortune in the ring—yet his heart was heavy as he thought of his old friend and mentor alone with the caravan—a sick man trying to snatch a living from his patent elixir at the fairs and market grounds—alone.

Washington, Wilmot's big nigger body-guard, opened the door of the arena to Barry's knock.

"Well, well, well, Massa Barry! So you've come back to de fold!" greeted Washington, a welcoming grin splitting his ebony face to reveal his glistening white teeth. "Come right in, suh. De boys am at supper, but de boss is in his sangtum!"

Wilmot himself came out of the office as Washington ushered Barry into the gym.

"Hallo, my boy! So you've changed your mind, eh?" said the promoter in his breezy way. And as Barry rather shamefacedly nodded assent he ushered the lad into his office.

This time Barry made no demur about signing the agreement to join Wilmot's fighting string, living in on the premises with the rest.

Then Washington piloted him into the dining-room attached to the hall where the members of Wilmot's establishment he had already met were seated at a long, wooden table.

Two or three of them gave him a warm greeting. Only Kid Somers, the sly faced light-heavyweight, who had given him a drubbing earlier on, ignoring his entry.

Bob Miller, the kindly trainer, gave Barry a chair between himself and the red-headed giant, Patsy Tupper, and Washington, who seemed to be odd-job man and general factotum of the place, brought him in a plate of cold meat, pickles, and brown bread.

But to Barry, who had scarcely eaten all

day, the frugal fare was food fit for the gods. He ate voraciously, finding little time to join in the conversation, chiefly about Kid Somers' chances in a needle match the following Saturday.

The meal over however, the boxers gathered round a big fire in one corner of the room, and Washington produced a battered banjo. Fingering the strings lovingly he commenced to strum an accompaniment to his own rich, rolling voice in which he sang some of the old plantation ditties. The rest joined in the choruses, until it seemed the roof would lift under the volume of sound.

But Barry was not singing; still thinking of the friend who had left him for his own good, Barry was vowing to himself that Joe's sacrifice should not be in vain.

Barry Gets His Chance.

"STEADY, son—watch his left. Never mind his head—might as well biff a solid piece of rock as that nig's cranium."

Bob Miller grunted the advice to Barry as he flicked a towel in front of his heated face. The youngster sat in one corner of the twenty foot ring at the Arena gym, while Washington grinned across at him from the other.

Barry was feeling like a veritable fighting giant that morning. He was determined to



"Lie down, Somers!" yelled Barry. And he jumped to drag the boxer down.

show Wilmot, who was watching from the door of his office, exactly what he could do.

Bob gave a signal, and Barry jumped up to meet Washington again in the centre of the ring.

"Yo, yo, yo, Massa Barry!" chuckled the cheery black, as he took a blow meant for his chin on the crown of his woolly pate. "Dat's one for my nob. But ain't no manner ob use hittin' dis darky on de top to win. Dis chile's coconut am his fortune. You'm—Ooch!"

His banter ended with a gasp as Barry, covering up adroitly, got in his right on the other's solar plexus—a beautiful, well-timed blow that doubled Washington up like a knife.

And before the giant darky could recover Barry had pushed out another to the point that sent him sprawling backward to the boards.

Miller signalled the end of the bout, and Barry rushed to assist his black friend to his feet.

"Golly! Where's de boss dat kicked dis nigger?" chuckled Washington, dazed, but still grinning. "My word, Massa Barry, you'm sure got de right' dope in dose mitts ob yours!"

Wilmot came across as Barry was going for his tub.

"Keep it up, boy!" grunted the promoter, chewing at his cigar. "I'll try you out in the ring as soon as I can fix a bout for you."

Barry flushed at the praise, and, muttering his thanks, went off to the bath-room for a cold shower.

Already he was feeling the fascination of his new life—the well-planned training and the rough-and-ready comradeship of the rest of the "boys." Washington seemed to have appointed himself Barry's special attendant, and the others were definitely friendly towards the newcomer—except Kid Somers.

The dark-haired, swarthy light-heavyweight

had made no move to make friends; on the other hand, he showed no direct enmity.

In the days that followed Barry often found himself thinking of Somers. He seemed to have some secret grudge against the world—but what had caused it, baffled the boy.

Somers was training for a fairly important bout with one Cast-Iron Milligan, and was the "star" man of Wilmot's string. He was being specially nursed by Bob Miller, and his chances in his forthcoming tussle were almost the sole topic of discussion as the day drew near.

Milligan's backers were notoriously crooked in the boxing world, and for fear of interference Somers was never allowed out of his quarters alone; always one or two of the others accompanied him.

But nothing untoward occurred—until the afternoon before the fight. It fell out that it was Barry's turn to accompany Somers on his last roadwork; Bob Miller, who had ricked his ankle on the previous day, being unable to go with them.

Feeling the responsibility of his charge, Barry kept close to Somers as they ran at an easy pace along the moorland road. They travelled in silence; Somers, in his usual taciturn way, addressing no word to his companion.

Barry was glad of this for the familiar moorland scene brought back vivid memories of the professor. How was old Joe faring now? Had he reached the warmer Devon lanes—so different from the bleak northern moors in late autumn?

Barry's thoughts broke off, and he halted involuntarily at sight of a lonely figure that had just swung round a bend in the road in front of them. He recognised Barney Wolland—a man he and Joe had often seen on the fairgrounds they visited with the famous elixir.

Barney recognised Barry at the same moment and halted in front of him.

"Why, cully," he greeted, shaking hands warmly, "fancy meetin' you!" His eyes fixed on the white sweater and shorts Barry was wearing. "So you've gone in for a new line of business—eh?" he went on. "Boxing—eh?"

Barney nodded.

"Yes," he answered. "How's the swag selling nowadays?"

Barney was a cheapjack who sold "swag"—cheap jewellery—on the fairgrounds.

"Not too well, cully—not too well," he replied. "Too much parney" (rain) on the tober (fairground) this time o' year. I—"

the distance with a desperate leap and grabbed the other round the waist.

He had a vision of the radiator of the car, bearing down on them like a juggernaut, and then he had pulled Somers in a sprawling heap on the ground.

The roar of the engine sounded deafeningly in his ears as the monster car shot over the place where the pair lay. For two awful moments they were in darkness, then the autumn sunlight was again in their eyes as the car passed on, having done them no more harm than brush Barry with its front number plate as he lay between the wheel-tracks.

Barney Wolland yelled frantically to the driver to stop but he ignored the command, driving at a furious pace until another bend hid him from sight.

Breathless and startled, Barry and Somers rose to their feet. The latter's face was twisted with pain.

"Why, Somers—you aren't hurt?" demanded Barry. "The car didn't touch you."

Somers grimaced.

"No; thanks to you, that skunk in the car didn't hit me, but as I fell I twisted my wrist. I think—it's—broken."

Concernedly Barry examined the boxer's hand and arm, and his worst fears were realised. The member was badly sprained, if not actually broken. The injury was sufficient to keep Somers out of the ring on the morrow! Barney Wolland was as indignant as either of the boxers.

"He did that on purpose. I reck'n we ought to tell the police, Barry," he said. "I'll get down to the stream over yonder and fetch a drop of water. Cold water is good for sprains."

But Somers shook his head. His mouth was grim and set.

"Don't worry, chummy; it'll take more than cold water to put me right!" he growled.

Barry tore a strip off his running vest and tried to make a sling for the injured wrist. He felt terribly guilty over the whole affair. Wilmot had chosen him that day to be Somers' companion, and he had badly let his boss down.

"It is really my fault. I ought not to have stopped to talk to Barney here!" he muttered.

"Aw, cut it out!" grunted Somers. "The whole thing's a plant, but we can't prove anything. We had better get back to the Arena and let 'em know the worst."

And, with a curt nod to the still indignant Barney, he led the way back to the boxing school.

Wilmot's rage when they reached the Arena with their story was terrible to see.

"The dirty hounds!" he roared. "This is Ferguson's—Cast-Iron Milligan's manager—work! Somers can't go into the ring like this. We're bunkered, I tell you!"

It was Bob Miller who interposed soothingly.

"I know, boss—it's tough. But we can still put a man into the ring—and he'll give Milligan a beating."

"Who do you mean? We haven't another man of Somers' weight!" growled Wilmot.

Miller pointed at Barry Bryant.

"What about him?" he demanded. "He'll turn the scale within Somers' weight, and he has already proved he is good. I admit he is not at his best yet, but even now I reckon there is more in him than we know."

"Sure dat is so, boss!" broke in Washington, his ebony face agleam with delight at such a suggestion. "Dis yar Barry is a coming champion, or I'll eat my ring shoes. Let him try, boss. It will be the most splendiferous win you ever had."

Barry listened in amazement. He could hardly credit that Bob Miller, an experienced fighter, was serious. Anxiously he looked across at Wilmot.

The boxing promoter pursed his lips thoughtfully.

"All right," he said at last. "I'll phone Ferguson and ask if he's any objection. Won't have, of course to an unknown lad. And you can weigh in instead of Somers in the morning, Bryant!"

Barry, hardly able to believe his ears, muttered his thanks, and, more to hide his excitement than anything else, strode out of the office where the interview had taken place.

As Barry walked with pulses thrumming through the darkened gym a shadow detached itself from behind a vaulting-horse, and a low voice halted the lad.

Puzzled, he stared at the stranger—a tall, thin man—in front of him.

"My name's Ferguson," the fellow told him calmly. "Quiet! I don't want Wilmot to know I'm here. But I heard him arrange just now for you to take Somers' place. And I've a proposition to make to you."

"And that is?" asked Barry.

"That you sell this fight—promise to lose against Milligan—for a consideration of fifty pounds—see?"

And before Barry could utter the angry words that rose to his lips the other pulled something that crackled and rustled from his pocket-book—a fifty-pound banknote.

Fifty pounds! More money than Barry had even seen at once in his life before. Enough to give old Joe that month in a nursing home and keep him in luxury right through his convalescence—just to promise to lose a fight that he might not win, anyway!

Barry hesitated.

(It is a great temptation to Barry. Next week's gripping chapters give his answer. Make sure of them.)

FREE FUN GIFT FOR YOU
THIS GRAND NOVELTY FLIP THE FROG, GIVEN
AWAY FREE WITH EVERY COPY OF THIS WEEK'S

JOLLY
COMIC
NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE
HOURS OF FUN
FOR EVERYONE



Professor Goozoc

And Ferdie Fitznix

His Assistant.

Goozey's latest invention makes things a little too warm to be comfortable for him.

Hot Stuff.

It was a slip of the tongue that caused all the bother.

The tongue—one of the tinned ox variety—happened to slip off the plate just as Ferdie Fitznix drifted into the dining-room of Goozoc Grange with it.

Unfortunately, old Professor Goozoc happened to be in the act of sampling a cup of coffee at the moment, and when the slippery tongue caught him just about the back collar-stud, he thought he had been stung by a flying flea, and he jerked his nose down into the hot coffee—splish!

"Wow!" yelped the old professor, leaping up as though he had been kicked by an All Black. "What are you doing? How dare you, you careless young cuckoo! Oogh! My nose!" "Corks!" gasped Ferdie Fitznix. "Ow! 'orrid!" he added, dropping two aitches and the plate as well. "Scuse me, guv'nor!"

"Bah! Come here, you rascal!" roared Goozey, as his youthful assistant barked for the door. "I'll tan the tan off you for this!"

But Ferdie didn't stop to accept the offer. The sun had tanned him quite enough during the summer. So out into the hall he bolted, intending to make a bolt for the front door.

Unluckily, it was already bolted, so he hastily dived through the door under the staircase down into the coal-cellar.

"Things look pretty black down here," murmured the bright lad to himself; "but it's a black outlook for me if the guv'nor catches me!"

This was really only "coaled" comfort; but Ferdie, being an artful dodger, thought he might manage to keep out of his angry master's eyesight down in the darkness.

Presently a sound like a team of wild elephants in hobnailed boots heralded the descent of Professor Goozoc into the cellar.

"Now, then, you rascal," came a voice from the gloom, "where are you? Just wait till I lay my hands on you, that's all! I'll come down on you like a ton of bricks!"

But at that moment a circle of light appeared directly above him, and something descended upon him like a ton of bricks instead. Crash! Biff! Wallop! Bonk!

"Coalman!" carolled a voice from the street above.

And Goozey had received his winter supply of fuel.

"Ow! Geroogh!" he wailed, collapsing in the midst of a heap of Derby Brights. "Help! Help!"

"Cool! Hope that hasn't annoyed him!" piped Ferdie Fitznix. "Are you hurt, sir?" "No—only bent!" sniffed Goozey. "Help me upstairs, you scamp! Oh, my crummet!"

So his gallant assistant nobly assisted him up to the library, where, with the aid of a refresher from the goldfish-bowl, the inventive genius duly recovered.

Then an idea struck him.

"I have it, my boy!" he whooped.

"What—the pip?" inquired Ferdie.

"No, dolt!" sniffed Goozey. "When that wretched coal struck me it struck me how dangerous such fuel really is. What is wanted is something much simpler and smaller for radiating warmth in the homely hearth. Come, Ferdinand, my boy, to the laboratory!"



A LAUGH EVERY SECOND.

"H O there, old pal! Stamp on the back-peddalling-brake for a tick. I've got something to show you."

"Good! If it's the couple of bob you owe me, Bob, I shall be glad to see it."

"Ahem! What do you think of this—my latest painting?"

"What is it—a fried egg?"

"Dolt! It's a sunset. I painted that in Italy."

"Ah! I thought so."

"Indeed! And why did you think so?"

"Cos I've never seen a sunset like that in England!"

"Brr! Where are you working now?"

"In a firework factory."

"I wonder you haven't made a report before now!"

"Pah! I suppose a chump like you would soon get yourself 'fired.' I'd certainly give you a 'blowing up' if you worked with me."

"Hur! Think you're one of the 'big noises' I suppose?"

"Sir! I'll have you know that my job is a very dangerous one. I carry my life in my hands."

"Ah! Now I know why you never wash

The world is fairly burning for this invention!"

So, in single file and their best boots, Goozey and Ferdie hid them to the laboratory, where the amazing invention was duly invented.

"See? I have done it!" cried Goozey, a little later, holding out a small bottleful of white pills. "Behold the Goozoc Patent Heaters! One of these, placed in a small quantity of water, will radiate sufficient heat to cook twenty dinners, drive a steam-engine through the Rocky Mountains or keep a house warm for a year!"

"You don't say!" gasped Ferdie Fitznix, swallowing a toffee-apple in one gulp.

"I do, indeed!" replied the inventive genius. "Here, hold them for me, Ferdinand, while I don my hat and overcoat!"

Accordingly, Ferdie took the bottleful of white pills, assisted his master into his bowler-hat and bobtail coat, and then out they went.

"First, I will demonstrate them to my old friend, Marmaduke Muffin!" declared Goozey, as they gambolled down the street. "He has a very draughty, cold office. I caught whooping-cough in the back of my neck last time I visited him! It's just the place to prove how indispensable are the Goozoc Patent Heaters!"

But our prize pair didn't get as far as the office of the worthy Marmaduke Muffin.

It so happened that a youth by the name of Bertie Biggins, a rival of Ferdie's, had got a job at the local ice-skating rink, and, as he saw Ferdie going past, Bertie promptly pulled out his pea-shooter and let fly.

Of course, Ferdie was his target. But, as Professor Goozey happened to be beside him, that worthy chief stopped three of the peas—one with his ear and two with his nose.

"Owp!" yelped the professor. "Who hit me?"

"Eek!" echoed his young assistant. "It's that young pudden-head over there! I'll give him a sock on the nose for that!"

"I'll give him a pair of socks!" snorted Goozey generously.

Seeing them dashing across the road, young Bertie Biggins hastily withdrew into the building. But Ferdie Fitznix was on the war-path, and, followed by his master, he dashed into the ice-rink.

As he ran Ferdie yanked a pea-shooter out of his pocket, then suddenly realised he had no ammunition with him.

"Or had he?" thought he to himself, as a bright idea trickled into the vacancy under his hair-parting.

With a side-slipped glance at Goozey, the bright lad took the bottleful of Goozoc Patent Heaters, uncorked it, and poured half a dozen or so into his pea-shooter.

Then he shot at the retreating figure of Bertie Biggins, who had just darted round the side of the big sheet of ice on which a crowd of experts were skating.

But, as Ferdie was shooting at random as well as at Bertie, he misfired, and most of the Patent Heater pills scattered over the ice.

A loud hissing and sizzling brought a look of alarm to Ferdie's face and a sort of unfriendly look from Goozey told him he wasn't going to be so popular.

He was right, too!

"Ah! So he struck you first, did he? And what happened then?"

"He gave me a third blow."

"You mean a second, don't you?"

"No. I gave him that!"

"Nuff said! But—coo! I've just remembered something. I've got to get my landlady a butter-hook."

"Do you want a steel one?"

"No, you piecan. I want to buy one!"

"Who gave you that cigar you've got there? A friend of yours?"

"Dunno yet. I haven't lit it!"

"Haw, haw! How many cigars do you smoke in a week?"

"Oo, an awful lot!"

"I know they are, but I asked you how many!"

"Brrr! You make me weep! Which reminds me, what is a crying need?"

"A handkerchief!"

"Desist, or I'll cut you out of my will!"

"Ah! You'll think better of me when I'm gone!"

"So long as you're not too far gone!"

"Bow-wow!"

"Sounds as though you've gone to the dogs already. But I say, I'm looking for a good chauffeur."

"Oh, boy, you're looking at him now!"

"H'm! I want a very cautious man; a man who never takes risks."

"That's me. I even ask for my first week's wages in advance!"

"You're too cautious! I sold my house last week."

"What did it fetch?"

"Seven hundred."

"Strange! I sold my house last week."

"And what did it fetch?"

"The landlord!"

"Toodle-pip, old pal. Save the rest up for next week!"

"You young dunderhead!" shouted Professor Goozoc. "Those were my Patent Heaters, and—Ow! Look!"

There was a loud splash several gulps and gurgles, and next instant all the skaters were floundering in a mass of steaming water!

"It's melted it!" gasped Ferdie.

"Yaroorh! Turn it off!" bellowed the skaters. "What's the idea? Who turned this rink into a Turkish bath?"

Whereupon somebody pointed accusingly and rudely at the master-inventor and his bright assistant.

"They did it!" he shouted. "I saw 'em throw something on to the ice! Hold 'em!"

"This way out, guv'nor!" piped Ferdie, heading for the nearest exit. "We made a mistake! Only skaters are allowed in here!"

By the sounds behind them, it appeared that only good swimmers would be accommodated. But Goozey didn't stop to argue.

Out he dashed after Ferdie, and down the street they tore, with a yelling mob from the ice-rink in hot pursuit.

"Phoo! Who wants heaters now?" panted Ferdie, as they dived round a corner after ten minutes' fast run.

"Let's get in here!" he suggested, spotting a large and inviting doorway.

Professor Goozey hurriedly followed him. But hardly had they got inside than a burly filbert, dressed in a uniform and peaked cap, popped out before them.

"Hoy! Not so fast!" he rumbled. "It's a bob each to come into the waxworks!"

"Waxworks?" repeated Ferdie, still running. "Well, it wo like the show, we'll pay."

"Sez you!" snorted the commissionaire.

Saying which, he flung out his foot, neatly tripping up Ferdie Fitznix—or, to be more precise, tripping him down. Whack! Crash!

The crash was the sound which the bottle of Goozoc Patent Heaters made as it snote the hard floor accompanied by Ferdie. Like a shower of dwarf-size snowballs, the pills went flying out of the broken bottle, most of them taking a high dive into an ornamental fountain just ahead.

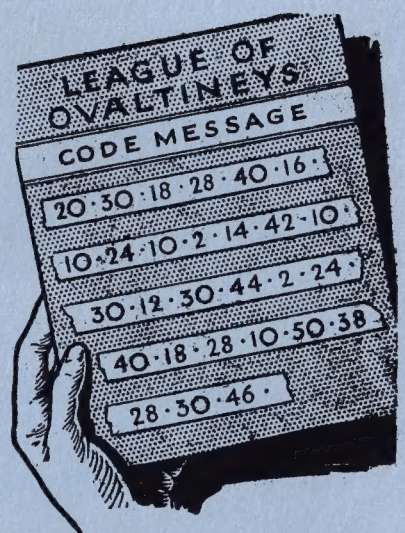
And that caused it! In a couple of jiffies the temperature of the waxworks flew up to extra-special Sahara brand summer heat, causing all the wax figures to droop and turn cowardly. Yes, they ran!

"Great pip! L-l-look what's happened, gug-gug-guv'nor!" gasped Ferdie. "Let's go!"

But that's precisely what they couldn't do. A river of melted wax was already flowing from the drooping figures, and as our heroes turned to run they found they were stuck!

"Grir! Ruin the waxworks, would you?" howled the commissionaire. "Help! P'lice!"

And by the time Professor Goozey and Ferdie had been sorted out of the sea of melted wax—and settled the bill—neither felt very enthusiastic about Goozoc Patent Heaters.



You can read this code Message

... if you join the League of Ovaltineys

ONLY the members of the League of Ovaltineys know this mysterious code. And there are thousands of boys and girls now using it, as well as the secret signs and signals.

Wouldn't you like to join them in all this jolly fun? Wouldn't you like to wear the handsome bronze badge of the League, and learn how to keep always fit, healthy, vigorous and happy?

Then be sure to send in your application for membership now.

Fill up the Application Form Below

On receipt of the form below, the Chief Ovaltiney will send you the official handbook and tell you how to get your bronze badge. Send the form in an open envelope (½d. stamp).

POST THIS TO-DAY!

To the CHIEF OVALTINEY,
The 'Ovaltine' Factory,
King's Langley, Herts.

I wish to become a member of the League of Ovaltineys. Please send me, free, the official Handbook of the League.

Name

Age

Address

A.P. 1-10-35 (Write in BLOCK letters)

PLUM AND DUFF THE BOYS OF THE BOLD BRIGADE



1. Strange as it may seem, dear readers, Plum and Duff had been dutifully obeying orders. M'ps! "Please, Sergy, we've filled the stewpot with spuds," said they to the Suet one.



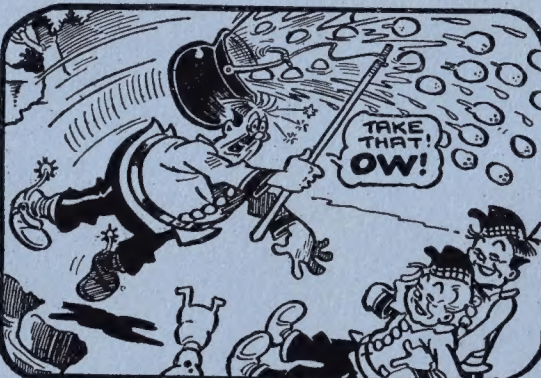
2. "Good! Now seram!" yawped old Three-stripes. "It's all for me!" But on the way away, Plum happened to spot a spud which they had dropped. "Sergy can have it," he sniffed.



3. "Coming over, sir!" And say-soing he slung the potato backwards like so, scoring a bullseye on the stewpot and bonking Sergy's boko—bonk! "Ho, ho! 'Stew' bad!" chirped Duff.



4. "Yah-boo! Hit me, would you?" yowled Sergy, losing his temper and finding a worse one to take its place. "You wait!" "Coo! I believe he's annoyed!" said our Plum.



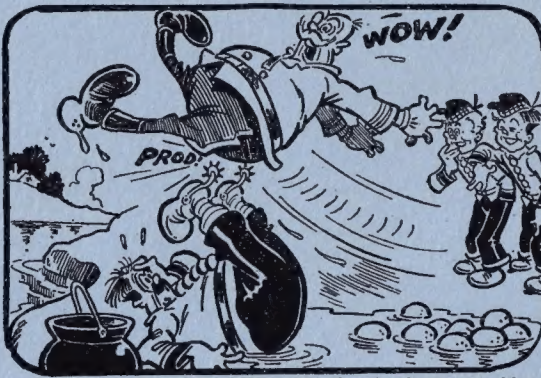
5. Then Sergy grabbed hold of a portion of the tripod and made a swipe at the chumlets. Unfortunately the stewpot came too, and—sperloosh! The angry one stopped the whole caboodle.



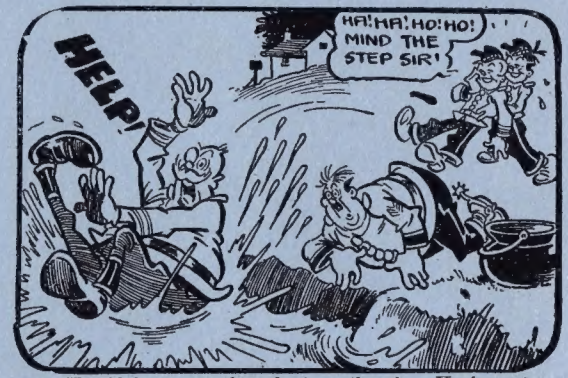
6. "Yaroosh!" spluttered Suet, sitting up with a bump and the hump. "Ho, ho! Taking it easy, Sergy?" tittered Duff. "What's this?" trolled Colonel Bogey. "Suet asleep again?"



7. "I think he must have had a heavy meal, sir," yummied Plum. "Bah! I'll rouse the lazy loafer!" boomed Bogey. But a few stray spuds gave him the slip! "Wow!" he yelped.



8. "Coo! Now he's going up in the air about something else!" prattled Plum, tucking a grin up his cuff. "Yow!" bawled the Big Noise as he sat on Sergy Suet's spurs.



9. He didn't stay on them for long, though. Having got a "rise" he felt "better off"—and got off, quick! Then down into the moisture of the river he went. "Corks!" sang Sergy



10. "That's put the Old Man in the soup!" "Sperloosh!" gulped Bogey, coming up for the first time of asking. "You're fishing for trouble, you fat suet-pudden! Take that one!"

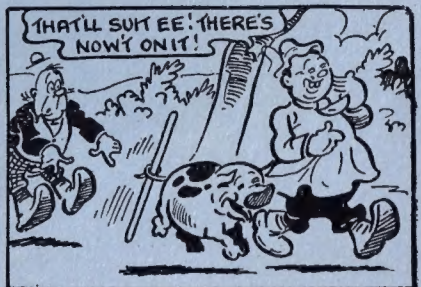
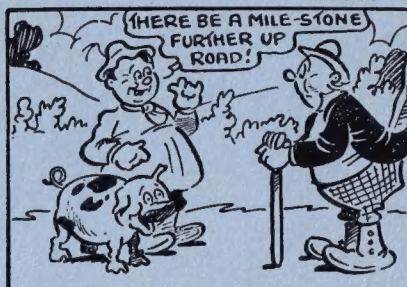


11. Yes, that hefty tiddler pushed him off his pins, right into the stewpot. "Owp! Help me out! I'm stuck!" he wailed. "Then we'll stick to this!" chuckled the chums, taking the fish.



12. Meantime, Colonel Bogey had taken himself back to barracks, to take Sergy by surprise with the machine-gun when he "potted" in. "Now for a fish supper," lisped the lads.

MILES AND SMILES.



Farmer Cornstalk was feeling very weary in the roots, and when Garge Goomf told him there was a milestone ahead it didn't please the farmer 'cos he couldn't read. Still, that didn't matter a bit really 'cos there was nowt on that particular milestone!

HAVE A RIGHT ROYAL TIME WITH THE KING OF COMICS



[No. 2,371.]

TINKER AND TICH GIVE THEMSELVES A LEG UP.

[OCTOBER 26, 1935.]



1. It was Thirstday after-lunch, and Tinker and Tich were after a gargle of pop from the barrel. But just then a visitor stepped over the side of the Neversink. "Put that barrel on the ice!" ordered Teacher Trotter. "Here's Captain Sockeye!"



2. And he toddled forward to greet the skipper who'd come specially to give our bright scholars a lecture. But the flip Trotter handed Tich made him drop the corkscrew and it fluttered through a hole in the deck. "That's done it!" he gasped.



3. "I'll soon get it back," warbled Tinker. So he grasped the floorboard and yanked it well up. Which was rough luck on Trotter and Captain Sockeye, who happened to be standing on that plank. Not for long, though. Over the side they went.



4. And as the briny was very wet that day, they lost no time in hauling themselves out of it. "I'll tan those rascals for this!" hissed Trotter as he clambered back on deck. "Oh, will you?" gurgled Tinker, as he put all the canes in the stove.



5. "That's stopped his little larks!" chortled Tich. "Now he can't whack us! He's stumped!" "Yes, and so am I!" roared Captain Sockeye. "Put those rips across that barrel!" And while Trotter held them, Sockeye waded in with his peg-leg.



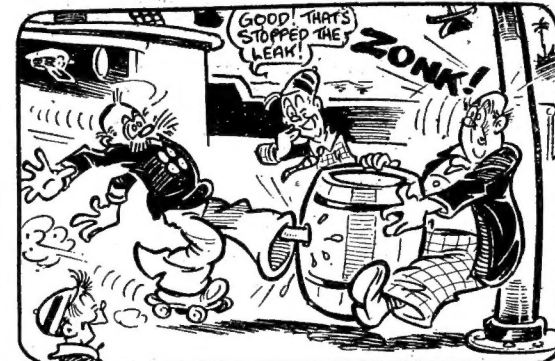
6. "Good for you, cap'n!" yodelled Trotter. "Now it's my turn." But Tinker and Tich had had quite enough to be going on with. So away they dashed, trundling the barrel. "Hoi! You come back!" howled Trotter, getting busy with the rope.



7. For he wanted to give Tinker and Tich a taster of the end. But that rope was longer than he thought, and it coiled itself all round old Sockeye. Not knowing of this, Trotter darted after the lads, and the skipper had a very eddy-fying time.



8. For he was spun round on his stump, and became so giddy that the ship looked like the whole fleet learning to fly. "None of this pop for you, my lads!" yapped Trotter, removing the bung. "I'll wash the deck with it." Then Tich butted in.



9. He sent the roller skate slithering across the deck, just as Sockeye came forward to ask someone to tell him who he was, and where he lived. And he put his foot down on the skate, and was completely carried away—right against the barrel of pop.



10. With a hefty zonk, his wooden stump jabbed itself into the bung-hole, stopping the waste of good gargle, to the great joy of Tinker and Tich. But there it stuck, and it was a case of all hands on deck to release the unfortunate Captain Sockeye.



11. Trotter was pulling him, but Tinker had the pull of both of them. For he was pushing Sockeye's hair-parting with his foot, and that, along with a tap from Tich's hammer, did the trick. Out came the wooden leg—and away shot the captain.



12. Trotter went with him, and once again they had a free dip. "A nice one you are to invite me aboard your ship!" the skipper screamed, dotting Trotter with his stump. And while they got on with it, the lads and the fair Katie had a cooler!

Another Absorbing Detective Yarn of Peter Trayle, Public Defender No. 1. It is Complete!

THE BETRAYING STEP

Who killed Mark Frankstein, the crook? The door was locked from inside, and the window barred. But Peter Trayle, with almost uncanny powers of deduction, solves the problem in a simple manner.

A Crook Meets His Doom.

THE death of Mark Frankstein, a certain gentleman living in a house in the East End of London, was very sudden. A revolver bullet through his heart ended his worthless life, and when news came through to New Scotland Yard, nobody mourned his loss.

Peter Trayle, Public Defender No. 1, was with Inspector Connolly at the time, and the reflections of these two great detectives were that the country would be better without him.

Alive, Frankstein had been a menace—a most dangerous type of criminal, with brains enough to keep himself just out of the law's clutches.

For years he had been suspected as being the head of a gang of thieves and the receiver of much stolen property, but New Scotland Yard had never been able to point more than an indirect finger of accusation at him.

But Mark Frankstein's crime career came to a swift end when that bullet crashed into his heart.

He was finished—done with. But his sudden passing out had left a puzzling mystery to be solved.

Who was the murderer?

The answer Public Defender No. 1 was determined to discover, and with his assistant, Paddy Dawson, beside him in a high-powered car, he drove without delay to the house of tragedy in the East End.

When they were admitted by the police-sergeant on guard, the divisional surgeon was at work examining the bulky form of Mark Frankstein, which lay on the floor of an upstairs room furnished as a study.

"Shot from the front, clean through the heart. Must have died instantly," reported the doctor.

Trayle allowed his searching gaze to travel round the room. It was comfortably furnished, with a thick, new carpet on the floor. The fireplace was a modern tiled affair, with a raised hearth, in the shape of a semicircle.

The grate was empty.

"Dashed hot in here!" murmured the detective throwing open his heavy motoring coat. "Who first discovered the crime, doctor?"

"Sergeant Firth," answered the busy medico. "He's outside now. Guess that's all I can do," he went on, rising to his feet. "Anything you'd like to know, Mr. Trayle?"

"Yes," said Peter, frowning down at the still bulk of Frankstein. "From what distance was the shot fired? And, most important, have you found the bullet?"

Dr. Watkins put back his instruments into a bag and thought hard for a moment or two.

"I should say he was shot from a very short range—not more than a couple of yards, at the most," he said. "The bullet went clean through him, and up to now I haven't been able to locate it."

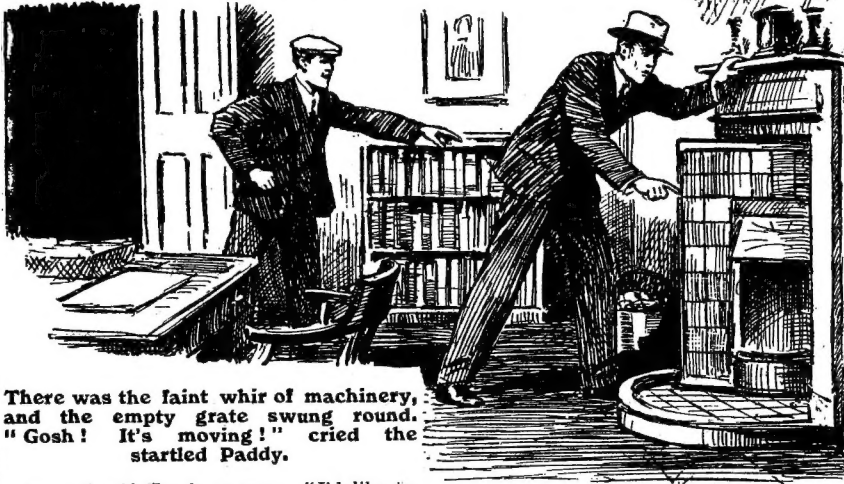
"Thanks, doctor," nodded Trayle. "On your way out, would you ask Sergeant Firth to step up here, please?"

As the doctor left the room Trayle turned to Paddy.

"That bullet, son!" he cried. "It's got to be found. Search the place. You'll probably find it embedded in something. Ah, here comes Firth!"

Loud footsteps clattering up the staircase announced the arrival of the burly sergeant, and by the time he entered the room Paddy had begun his careful quest for the missing bullet.

"You were first on the scene, I understand,



There was the faint whir of machinery, and the empty grate swung round. "Gosh! It's moving!" cried the startled Paddy.

sergeant," said Trayle at once. "I'd like to hear your version of what happened."

"Yes, sir," Firth replied. "I was passing the house at about half-past seven, when I heard the sound of a revolver shot. Thinking to myself that this was Mr. Frankstein's place, and knowing there's always been something fishy about it, I put my shoulder to the door and barged it open. I was up the stairs in a couple of jiffies, and there was Mr. Frankstein lying dead on the floor, just like he is now, sir!"

"You saw no sign of anyone else? No one came down the stairs?"

"No, sir!" The sergeant's reply was emphatic. "No one left this room—I'll swear to that!"

The corners of Trayle's mouth twitched in a grim smile.

"You can swear till you're blue in the face, sergeant," he said. "Someone did leave this room after killing Frankstein. And he didn't leave by the window, either—that is well barred. Think back, sergeant. Did anything strike you as funny when you came into the room? Did you hear anything, see anything, or smell anything?"

"Now you come to mention it, sir," replied the sergeant slowly. "I noticed the smell of something burning. It struck me as being a bit queer at the time, because it was stronger than the fumes left by the revolver shot. And—well, that's about all, I think, sir."

"Thank you, sergeant," smiled Peter. "Who's that at the front door now?"

"It'll be Dr. Watkins and the ambulance, sir," replied the officer. "Shall I give him a hand?"

"If you please," said Trayle.

Five minutes later the ambulance had gone and Peter and Paddy were left alone in the room.

Suddenly, from his kneeling position on the floor, Paddy gave a yell.

"Here it is, guv'nor!" he cried, taking out his pocket-knife and probing into a deep, slanting hole in the skirting-board. "I've found the bullet!"

"H'm! Fired from a Stegmet automatic!" the detective announced, holding the leaden blob in the palm of his hand. "That solves the question of the type of gun used in the killing. Who used it is another matter, but we've got to find out. First, let's try to discover how the man got out of the room without Sergeant Firth spotting him. It's a certainty that he didn't leave by either the door or the window!"

Again the detective looked round, and then suddenly dropped to his knees in front of the fireplace, his interest aroused by the discovery of a small cinder sunk into the carpet. It had burnt a hole about the size of a penny in the thick pile.

Instantly his keen brain connected it with the sergeant's statement that he had smelt something burning on entering the room.

Then he looked at the grate. It was empty and cold.

"That's funny, Paddy!" he muttered, touching the chill bars of the fireplace. "This burn in the carpet was made less than two hours ago by a piece of red-hot cinder—and yet there has been no fire! What do you make of it?"

It was an amazing riddle, and Paddy had no immediate answer to offer.

The detective continued, speaking his thoughts aloud.

"If there's been no fire how do you account for the room being so warm? I noticed it directly I came in from the cold air outside."

Trayle rose to his feet and for some moments stared at the half-circular hearth. An idea flashed into his mind—an idea so fantastic that he was at first prepared to dismiss it.

"And yet, I don't know!" he murmured. "It might be possible."

Paddy blinked as his famous chief began to run his hands around the sides of the fireplace.

What was he searching for?

Suddenly Trayle's probing fingers encountered a small tile that sunk a fraction of an inch when he touched it.

There was a faint whir of hidden

machinery, and before their wondering eyes the whole fireplace started to revolve!

Fascinated, they watched it.

The empty grate turned away from them and disappeared, bringing into view a second fireplace, identical in every respect, except that it contained a glowing, red-hot fire!

"Gosh, it's moving!" cried Paddy.

Trayle snapped his fingers in delight at the discovery.

"Now we know where that red-hot cinder came from and why the room was so warm!" he said.

"Two fireplaces, back to back, swing round on a circular hearth! And that's how the killer got away without being spotted! Come on, Paddy; this is worth investigating."

Thrilled by his astonishing find, Peter again pressed the loose tile, and as the fireplaces again revolved, he darted forward.

With Paddy close behind, the detective dived through the aperture before the two fireplaces turned completely round—and found themselves in a totally dark room beyond.

Trayle's pocket torch cut the blackness, and by its helpful rays he discovered an electric switch, which he clicked down.

The flooding light revealed to them a room about twelve feet square. In one wall was a paint-blackened window, with its inside catch unlocked.

Clearly, that was how the killer had got away. Footprints on the bare, dusty floorboards leading to the window proved it at a glance.

But Public Defender No. 1 found his interest centred more on a stack of brown-paper parcels piled up on the far side of the room.

"If I'm not much mistaken, Paddy, we've stumbled on Frankstein's secret storage place," he said. "No wonder he was never caught with goods. No one dreamed that the fireplace was a trick one, leading to this hidden room."

As he spoke Trayle stepped forward, but suddenly, coinciding with a yell of pain that broke from him, the electric light snapped out, plunging the room into darkness.

Almost immediately the light flashed on again, and the puzzled assistant saw his chief staring down at a loose board, a corner of which projected above the floor level.

"A dashed dangerous thing to leave that board loose!" he snapped. "When I stepped on it I got a terrific electric shock."

"Probably a nail that sticks through one of the electricity wires, guv'nor!" chipped in Paddy. "It short-circuits the current. That's why the light went out!"

Peter nodded.

"It's been like that for some time, by the look of it!" he murmured. "Still, I suppose Frankstein knew all about it. It's an easy enough thing to avoid, if you're in the know, and it suggests a plan of discovering the murderer."

A Trap for the Killer.

IT took two hours of hard work on the part of Public Defender No. 1 to make his plans, but it resulted in two men being taken to the house where Frankstein had met his death.

Both of these men had been recently released from prison, having served stiff sentences for burglary. It was generally suspected that they had been associates of Frankstein, the master-crook of them all.

The first of them, Leo Marsh, was taken upstairs to the study, while the other, Pat Keeley, was left below in charge of Sergeant Firth.

"Marsh," said Peter to the ex-convict, "you know that Frankstein is dead. He was murdered! Did you know where he stored the stolen property that he received?"

Marsh shook his head.

"Honest, guv'nor, I've no idea!" he exclaimed. "I've taken the rap for what I did and now I'm going straight. I'd tell you if I knew—and that's the truth!"

"You don't know!" repeated Trayle. "Very well, then, I'll show you!"

His finger set in motion the hidden machinery that revolved the fireplace, and he

watched Marsh's growing surprise with eyes that never blinked.

"Love a parrot!" exclaimed the ex-convict, glimpsing the lighted secret room beyond. "So that's where he kept the stuff, eh?"

"Yes," nodded the detective; "come inside."

Leading the way into the hidden room, Peter took care not to step on to the loose board—but Marsh walked straight on to it, and yelled in pain and surprise when the powerful current ran through his body.

"Sorry, Marsh!" cried Trayle, when the one-time crook leapt off the loose board and caused the light to blaze on again. "I ought to have told you to watch your step. But that's all I want of you, I think," he added quickly. "You can go now, and keep going straight, remember!"

The crook nodded his acceptance of the good advice.

"Keep'n I will, Mr. Trayle!" he muttered.

"What chance have fellers like me against a tee like you. How you found out this place has me beat. I've been in that other room a score o' times with ol' Frankstein."

Thus far, Trayle had eliminated the first of the two suspects. The second man, Keeley, was called up immediately Marsh had left the house.

Keeley, too, showed startled surprise when Public Defender No. 1 revealed the trick fireplace entrance to Frankstein's foot store.

"Step inside and take a look round, Keeley," Peter suggested.

"Sure!" agreed Keeley, following Trayle into the room.

Peter was watching the man's every step—but when he came to the loose board Keeley increased the length of his stride and stepped over it.

Was it by accident or force of habit that made Keeley dodge the loose board?

He couldn't be sure—yet.

"How big would you reckon this room to be, Keeley?" asked the detective suddenly.

"Would you mind pacing it off both ways?" Keeley started and stared, but he obeyed with a scowl and paced the whole length of the room.

Then he paced off the width, but on neither of these occasions did he allow his foot to fall upon the loose board.

Consciously or unconsciously, he avoided it! Trayle's eyes narrowed.

"You said you'd never been in this room before, Keeley!" he snapped. "Is that true?"

"I've told you once that I never set foot in this place before!" growled the ex-convict in reply. "It's the truth!"

"It's a lie!" answered Public Defender No. 1 coldly.

Keeley started and stared. Relentlessly the detective went on.

"You betrayed yourself, Keeley!" he cried. "By the way you automatically stepped over that loose board, knowing that when pushed down it short-circuits the lights, proves that you are no stranger in this room! You've been here before—often!"

"You—" began Keeley, his eyes flaming in anger.

"Don't make a move!" chipped in Trayle.

But Keeley seized his only desperate chance. Suddenly he stamped his foot down on the loose board, plunging the room into darkness.

A revolver, appearing magically in his hand just before the complete black-out, barked in loud report!

The gun was directed full at Trayle, and Keeley felt confident that the bullet had found its mark.

But he was wrong.

A figure came flying through the darkness at him, clutching him round the legs, and bowling him over with a crash.

Then the light came on again, revealing Pat Keeley in the iron grip of the detective.

"Sorry, Keeley," snapped Trayle. "I anticipated that move!"

A quick wrench removed the gun from Keeley's hand. It was a Stegmet automatic.

"That's all the other evidence I need!" said Trayle, satisfied, clicking a pair of handcuffs on Keeley's wrists. "You killed Frankstein and escaped through this secret room! That's why the empty fireplace appeared on the other side! But your step betrayed you."

Another good yarn of Peter Trayle next week. A tale of thrilling mystery and fortive intrigue.

AN EDITORIAL WARBLE.

207, The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

DEAR COMIC OUTLETS,—How are you liking the "Sunset Trail" stories? Good, aren't they? Those old-time pioneers certainly had courage. But the exciting adventures you have read are nothing to those that are coming along.

By the way, did you get your "Jolly Comic" last Wednesday, with its splendid Free Gift of Flip the Frog?

If you have not done so, run along to the newsagent without delay and spend a penny on the "Jolly."

Flip the Frog will give you hours of fun and laughter, and I know you will enjoy the funny pictures and thrilling stories in the "Jolly."

Sebastian Ginger tells me Flip is the funniest thing he has seen since he saw me fall downstairs. What a boy!

Your old friend,

CLARENCE CUTS.

HALLO, FOLKS!



Have you had your FLIP THE FROG yet? It's a topping comical novelty toy given away with the "Jolly Comic" on sale on Wednesday, October 16th. So get a copy right away and have some fun with Flip.

JOLLY COMIC.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE

1d.

START TO-DAY! You will enjoy this stirring tale of the Wild West.



The tilted wagons rumble on their way across the boundless western plains. All Nature appears to be at peace, but every rider in that wagon train knows that lurking Redskins lie in wait to take their toll.

A Redskin Trap.

SNARLING BEAR's voice was insolent. He had not even risen to his feet when the little group of white men rode into his village. He sat outside his wigwam, surrounded by a bodyguard of braves, and stared stolidly at Bat Mallory, the leader of the scouts.

"Paleface not bring presents for Snarling Bear? No powder, no sugar, no flour? Heap bad medicine!"

The bearded face of the scout leader darkened, and his big hand clenched.

"Present me, peace!" he answered. "If Snarling Bear has come to the wagon camp to smoke the peace pipe there would have been presents."

He was interrupted by an ancient and hideous squaw who leapt suddenly out of the chief's wigwam, and started to caper and scream before him.

She used an Indian tongue which Bat did not fully understand, but he made out enough of her words to realize that she meant trouble.

She said that the palefaces were bad medicine. They were as helpless in that country as sheep among wolves. They were rich, they had cattle and horses and food. If they did not send these things to Snarling Bear, Snarling Bear's braves could take them by force!

By the side of Bat was Clifton Gale, the Englishman scout. He understood none of the old hag's speech and his attention wandered to the wigwam village. His quick eye caught a glimpse of stealthily moving forms—braves, naked except for their war-paint—creeping towards their horses.

"Quick, Bat!" he hissed. "They're preparing to attack the wagon train while we're away from it!"

Bat Mallory cut short the old woman's screech in a way that sent her cowering back in terror and froze every creeping brave throughout the wigwam village.

His hand flashed down to his gun. The heavy nickel and ivory Colt glittered in the sunshine, above the head of Snarling Bear and craned out twice.

"Listen Redmen!" he thundered. "The old woman has spoken of raids and scalps and looting! This is war talk! She says that the white man's medicine is bad—this is the white man's medicine!"

And again the big gun spoke.

Then, before the Redskins could recover, he wheeled his horse, and the little troop pounded after him through the wigwams and out on to the rolling prairie towards the train.

"I'm shore durned glad to see you back!" said old Aaron Coot. "That's bin a whole heap of Redskin hanging around as though they might try an' rush the wagons at any minute. Seemed as ef they was waitin' fer some signal."

Bat nodded.

"Snarling Bear aimed to keep us arguing with his old medicine-woman while he got his men out to cut us off, Aaron, I reckon we'd best camp. There's going to be war!"

The wagons were drawn up into a circle and the cattle and horses driven inside. While this was being done bands of mounted Indians rode up to watch—careful, however, to keep just out of rifle shot.

There seemed to be hundreds, and the pioneers, hardly and fearless men that they were, cast many an anxious glance from the Redskins to Bat and Aaron.

Young Donald Dean sought out the Englishman scout.

"Mr. Gale," he said, "people are saying that the Redski are too many for us. How ever well our people fight, we can't hold 'em off for ever. Bat says there's no help for it but to shoot straight and hope for the best."

Gale looked at the boy thoughtfully.

"Don, I've got a plan which will even things up a lot. I need help to put it into operation—an' whoever helps me must be prepared to disobey orders. I'm going to lay a trap for Snarling Bear and his friends out beyond the watch-fires."

It was a rule of Bat's that no one was to go beyond the circle of the wagons at night. Four great fires were kept burning all night so that attacking Indians could be seen. But a favourite habit of the Redskins was to send tomahawk men creeping through the long prairie grass to murder and scalp any paleface that left the shelter of the wagons. Hence Bat's order.

Don looked at the Englishman and nodded. "I'll help, Mr. Gale," he said quietly. "And if we win through I don't suppose there will be much trouble!"

Clifton Gale nodded grimly as he looked round the camp.

"We must not fail, Don," he said.

Darkness fell upon the ring of wagons. The four great heaps of brushwood and logs were lit. Every man and woman who could use a gun crept under the wagons and peered out from the shelter of the wheels. Their loaded guns were ready; by their sides were powder and shot. Axes and bowie-knives were handy, too. The Indians once broke through, the fighting would be hand-to-hand—axe and bowie and clubbed gun against tomahawk and cruel scalping-knife!

Gale and Donald waited their opportunity. To be seen crawling out into the darkness would bring the wrath of Bat down on them.

Except for the crackling of the fires, a silence had fallen over the wagons, the silence that comes before battle, when men stare with straining eye into the darkness for a first glimpse of the enemy.

An old Irishwoman, Biddy Mulligan, spotted Gale and Don as they attempted to crawl past her wagon.

The Night Attack.

LET us through, Mrs. Mulligan," whispered Gale, "and tell no one we've gone! Don and I are going to lay a trap for the Redskins, in case they get too close!"

She glanced at the things they carried—wooden stake, a coil of wire and a mallet—and she nodded.

"Away wid ye, and good luck! If yer trap brings any of the red devils to the ground, it's meself as'll see they don't sit up again!"



Gale snatched up Don. "Hang on to me!" he yelled.

And she patted her long gun.

A moment later Don and Gale had wormed their way through the long grass beyond the light of the fires.

Suddenly there was a drumming of hoofs out on the prairie. Then arose a screaming yell of such bloodcurdling ferocity that Don caught his breath.

Peering through the grass stems, he saw, dimly lighted by the fires, a mass of naked, bare-backed riders hurtling straight towards them. It seemed as if nothing could save them from death under the hoofs of that charging attack, and only Gale's hand on his shoulder prevented Don from leaping up in a panic and dashing wildly back to the wagons.

But Gale knew they would not be over-ridden. The Indians' charge swung away while still two hundred yards from the two. The mass spread out, and in a long, galloping line, began to circle the wagon camp.

Yell after fiendish yell rent the night, and there came a swish! like a flight of starlings above the heads of Don and Gale as a volley of arrows sped towards the wagons.

"Now's our chance!" hissed Gale.

He pulled the wooden mallet from his belt and unloosed the bundle of stakes. One by one he drove the stakes into the hard ground about six feet apart. Don crawled after him with the coil of fencing-wire. He twisted it firmly to the top of each stake, so that a low fence about eighteen inches from the ground stretched through the grass, invisible, a deadly snare to galloping hoofs!

Round swept the Indian horsemen again, shooting steadily as they rode. They were nearer this time, but still a terribly difficult target in that dim light. The pioneers were holding their fire. They were protected by

their wagons from the arrows, and they could afford to wait until every shot was a certainty before they fired.

"They'll be into the wire next time!" whispered Gale.

The two crept away and began to lay another strand. They fixed three before the guns of the wagon defenders began to speak.

"Look out, Don—get ready to dash for it!"

The charging Redskins swept round again, this time making straight for the hidden wire that barred their path.

The leading mustang crashed to the ground, throwing its rider through the air. Then the next—then a whole bunch went down in a heap of struggling men and screaming horses.

A thunderous volley burst from the wagons. This was a very different target.

The heavy boom of the old long guns with which the pioneers were armed mingled with the lighter crack! of the scouts' Winchester, and a deadly hail of lead flew over the heads of Don and Gale.

The next instant a fresh attack was launched out of the night. It was Snarling Bear's own braves, with the chief at their head, that flung themselves into the battle.

As the new horsemen rode in, a number of Indians who had been creeping stealthily through the grass leapt suddenly to their feet, and charged with waving tomahawks towards the wagons.

Don and Gale found themselves in a terrible situation. To run back to the wagon camp was to be shot—they would not be distinguished from Indians in that dim light.

"After me, Don!" shouted Gale.

He got to his feet and started to run straight towards the oncoming horsemen. A naked savage rose up almost at his feet and lunged at the Englishman with murderous tomahawk. Gale caught the blow with his mallet, and his other fist crashed into the Indian's face.

Another brave hurled himself, yelling, at the Englishman, only to fall with a bullet from Gale's Derringer through his brain.

All this Don saw as in a mad nightmare. In the red glare of the fires the painted savages were like awful fiends. The thunder of the guns was almost continuous, the war-whoops and death screams of the frenzied Redmen was a hideous babel.

Then the charge of Snarling Bear was upon them, and Don gave himself up for lost.

But he had forgotten the last strand of wire.

Mallory, followed by a group of scouts, threw themselves where the fighting was hottest. Deeds of desperate heroism were performed by simple settlers who were fighting for their wives, their children, and their lives.

"Where's Clifton Gale?" roared Bat Mallory.

It was Biddy Mulligan's voice that answered. The gallant old Irishwoman was grimed and blackened with powder, and her white head was gashed from a tomahawk blow.

"He went out beyond wid the boy!" she shouted. "Twas they as laid the wire that brought the horsemen down!"

"Then they're dead!" muttered Bat, as he threw himself once more into the scrap.

It seem'd to the leader of the scouts that there was little that could save the rest of them. Twice they had been driven back from the wagons. Two wagons had been set on fire and lit up the desperate fight like gigantic torches. The whites dogged to the last, were falling back from sheer weight of numbers.

Out on the dark prairie Clifton Gale struggled with the mustang. With one arm holding Donald, he had little power over the beast. It flew headlong through the night, and the roar of the fight dwindled behind them.

Suddenly he saw lights ahead—faint, red glimmers.

"Fires, Don—camp fires!"

Then he recognised where they were.

"Wigwams—it's Snarling Bear's village!"

Through the tee-pee lines the big mustang thundered. A few dark shadows detached themselves and shouted, one leapt for the bride. Gale's Derringer snapped viciously and the man screamed and dropped.

His scream and the sound of the shot awoke a panic in the camp which contained only a few old men, a couple or more braves who were acting as sentries and the squaws.

"The palefaces have come—our braves are all slain!" they yelled.

Don had dropped from Gale's grip as the Englishman fired. He found himself standing by a small fire that burnt outside a large wigwam. He stooped, plucked up a handful of blazing brushwood, and flung it on a pile of loose hay against the tent's side. In an instant it blazed up, and Don, catching up another torch ran to the next wigwam.

The blazing tee-pees struck terror into the hearts of the few remaining Indians. They rushed to their horses and fled.

Don worked in a sort of frenzy. Tent after tent blazed up, and the boy threw everything that would burn on to the flames.

Gale, his mustang now under control, rode whooping after the fleeing Redskins, firing and trying to make as much noise as the troop of horsemen that they imagined him to be. He saw them thunder off towards the angry glow in the distance which marked the battle for the wagons, and then returned to pick up Don.

"I've set the whole of their village afire!" yelled the boy.

"Good work, Don boy—it may be the saving of the whole wagon train. Now we've got to get scarce before Snarling Bear and his bad-tempered cubs come back!"

He helped Don up behind, and they galloped away intending to make a wide detour towards the wagon camp.

It was at that moment that the old squaw that was Snarling Bear's medicine woman reached the fight. She screamed that a white army had stormed the wigwam village and burnt it.

The news came just as Bat was rallying his men for the last desperate stand. The Indians wavered. They glanced over their shoulders and saw the glare in the sky that marked their blazing village. Then Bat and his men, with the ferocity and determination of men whose very lives are at stake, were among them like savage wolves.

"Back—drive the varmints back!" yelled Biddy Mulligan laying about her with a huge long-handled iron saucepan, "arrab, boys—we've got 'em on the run!"

The rush swept the Redskins back to the captured wagons. Bat Mallory leapt up through the opening of a wagon cover and slew with his last shot a brave who was attempting to set the wagon on fire.

Another Indian who tried to knife him he knocked into unconsciousness with a terrific fist. Then through the other end of the wagon cover he glimpsed the feather-crowned head of the man he had faced in the wigwam village that morning.

With a savage roar the scout leader broke his own rule. He leapt down on the far side of the wagon ring and threw himself at the chief just as Snarling Bear was climbing to the back of a mustang.

The red warrior was caught by a great hand and thrown from his mustang. The next second, snarling like the animal he was named after, he flew, knife in hand, at Bat.

It was a short, sharp fight, and it ended with a crack! as the red man's spine was broken across the knee of the white.

The shooting stopped, and the silence crept back to the scene that had roared a few moments before with the fury of battle.

Out of the darkness trotted a weary black mustang, on his back a boy and a man.

They stopped before Bat who stood with the twisted body of the Indian chief at his feet.

"Broken my orders, eh?" grunted Bat Mallory, "that's just what you'd expect from a durned Englishman and a boy!"

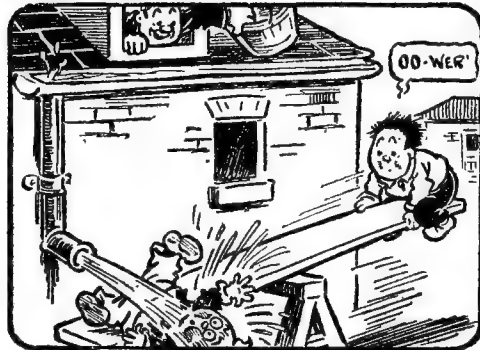
But the big man's handclasp told them what he really thought about it!

(Ride the Sunset Trail with these hardy pioneers each week in COMIC CUTS, Another thrilling yarn next Friday.)

THE TWINS & THEIR UNCLE TOM



1. That see-saw the Twins were playing on made them raise a laugh, much to the annoyance of Uncle Tom. "Keep me awake, would they?" said he. "I'll show 'em!"



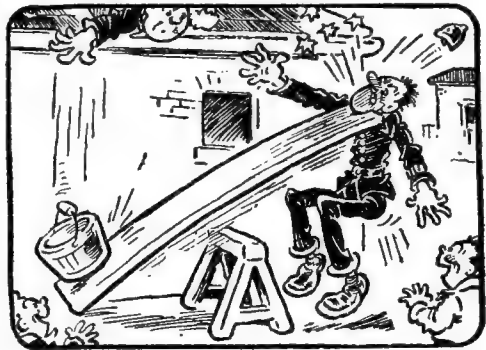
2. Saying which, he poured a bucketful of wetness into the guttering above. Swish! Down the rainpipe it skipped, and splashed into Sammy's set of features.



3. "Owsh!" fluted the fair-thatched nipper, falling off the see-saw. Thusly was Jackie let down with a severe bonk, too! And didn't old Fairyfoot chortle?



4. "Hee-hee! That bumped you off!" cackled the old copper. "Laugh that off, you rips!" "And now for a nap!" spake Tom, buzzing the empty bucket away.



5. But as it happened the bucket bonked down on the upper end of the see-saw—sok! Causing it to go down in the dumps, and lift t'other end under Fairy's chin!



6. "Yow!" yawned Fairy. "Who did that, hey?" "Pup-pup-please excuse me!" bleated Uncle Tom. "I'm going out!" He does change his mind, don't he?

TOMATO KHAN THE PERKY PERSIAN



1. Ali Kerzunk is a nasty, spiteful sort of citizen, and seeing Tomato Khan bending down to do up his sock-descender, he came dashing up behind him and started to play over-backs. And Tomato fell for it—thud!



2. "Phew! What happened?" piped our pal, sitting up and trying to take notice. And what he noticed was a gent near by who was giving him punctured water-bottle the sack. "Ha!" quoth Tomato Khan to himself.



3. "Verily 'tis a goodly notion that travels under my turban!" Saying which, he artfully pushed that water-bottle up under the back of his jacket, as shown, and patiently awaited the return of old Ali Kerzunk.



4. "What-ho! Here's where I flatten him out again!" yaffled the nasty one. But directly he plonked his hands down on Tomato's back he pushed the juice out of that water-bottle, up into his own face—splish!

BIG BEN AND



1. "Pooh! Likewise pish-tush!" parped Pa. "Ninepence per pound for fish, indeed! I refuse to pay it! Ben and Len shall go and fish for their dinner, or go hungry!" "Hur! Old skinfint!" snorted Big Ben.



2. So down to the river two hours later Pa popped, whales they'd caught, little tiddler?" yelped J.



4. Then back to Pa he galloped. "Look what I've netted, Pa!" piped he. "Har! Now that's something like!" whooped Pa. "Like what?" sniffed Big Ben. "Like I used to catch myself!" spake Pa.



5. "I'll take that little shouldn't take a bit of credit for going fishing, anyway!" sealion had decided to

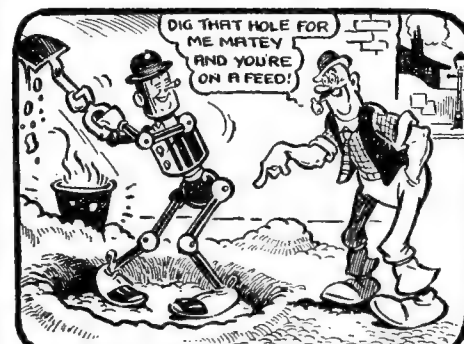


7. Then he popped inside just as the sealion swallowed his dinner. "Yow!" screeched Cookie, nearly throwing a swoon. And Pa nearly swallowed his moustache.

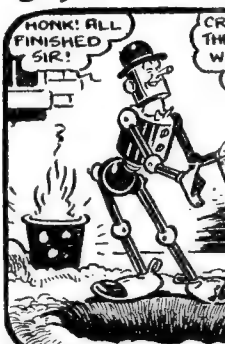


8. "Hur! Think that's Cookie. 'Get out and take gas-meter busted on Pa's

Mac-Hinery, the



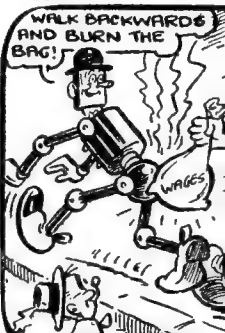
1. Our mechanical man was clanking down Catchmee Crescent one morn, when Ronald, the road-mender, said to him: "Dig that hole for me and you're on a free feed." "Honk-honk!" clanked Mac. "Watch me!"



2. Well, it didn't take Mac to dig the desired dent in he tuffed, pretty present happened to spot the for

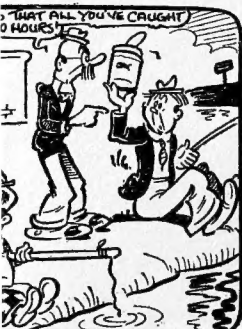


4. Enough to make anyone hot and cross, wasn't it? Especially as Mac landed in the brazier! But, being a man of steel, he merely burned with indignation.



5. "Haw, haw! Got the rippled Ronald. 'Sez you close behind him. 'I'm b

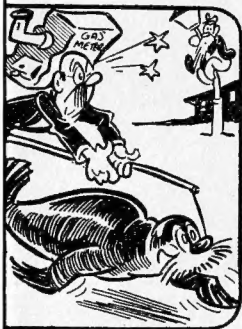
LITTLE LEN



drifted our duet, and about
ed down to see how many
What! Only caught that
a Ben. "Disgustful!"



lot. Don't see why I
edit. After all, I suggested
But in the meantime the
track down his dinner.



funny, I suppose?" snorted
e that!" And—done! The
pelfry, scattering its wealth.



3. "Coo! I'd better beat Ben's catch," yummied
Little Len to himself. So, seeing that gent feeding
the sealion near by, the wee one side-tracked his
attention with a bit of back-chat and caught all those fish.



6. Then back to the homestead gambolled Pa, caroll-
ing to Cookie as he hove-to: "Ahoj there, Cookie! Bring
forth the jolly old frying-pan. I've got the grandest
fish you ever saw. Some angler—that's me!"



9. "Good-ho! We got something out of the fishing,
anyway," lisped Len. "Let's have a dose of fish and
chips, brother. Pa's too fed up already to want any!"

Mechanical Man.



more than about so long
the road. "All done, sir!"
y. But just then Ronald
man coming with the pay.



lbs, and now to spend 'em!"
"clanked Mac, coming up
rning to get some wealth!"



3. "Hur! I'm not sharing this with anyone!"
quoth the greedy road-mender. "Hopit, Tinribs!
I'll collect for this job of work. You can go and eat
baked tintacks!" And he gave Mac a wallop.



6. And by pushing his well-warmed seat against
the cash-bag, he neatly singed the bottom out of it,
thusly releasing the cash and catching his share.

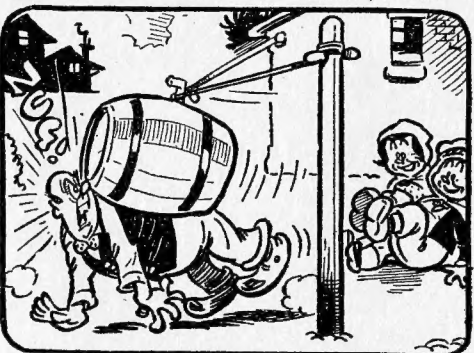
THEY SAW IT AT THE PICTURES



1. When Tim and Tilly toddled home from the Talkie-
drome they determined to be Arabs. "So that's the game,
eh?" sniggered Nunky. "Right. I'll be your camel."



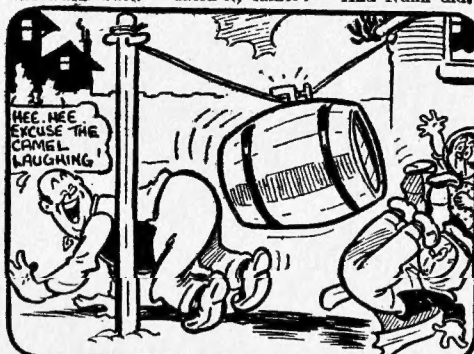
3. "Owp! I thought this was a game!" groaned the
old 'un. "Feels more like a war!" "Away, my ship of
the desert!" trolled Tim. "Ain't I a shriek, O sister?"



5. "Haw, haw!" tittered Nunky. "How does the
desert strike you?" He all "butt" had the laugh over
them. But the butt swung it on him, as shown—kerlunk!



2. "Well, we have to take plenty of water aboard
for a trip over the desert!" tootled Tim, trundling out
the water butt. "Hold it, camel!" And Nunk did.



4. But both of our tiny terrors did a bit of shrieking
the next jiffy. 'Oos the tap on the water butt got
caught on the clothes line. 'Twas so very upsetting!



6. Then out swished the wetness—splish! Right
over the old buffer's bean. "Tee-hee! I bet that's
given our camel the hump!" tittered Tim. "Let's go!"

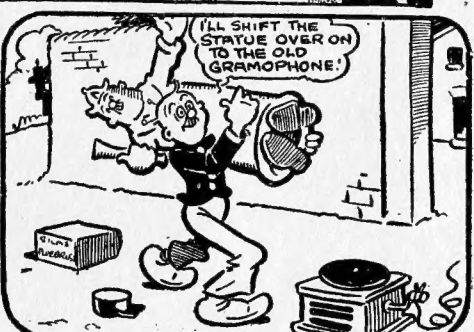
TOBY TATTS OF FLUEBRUSH FLATS



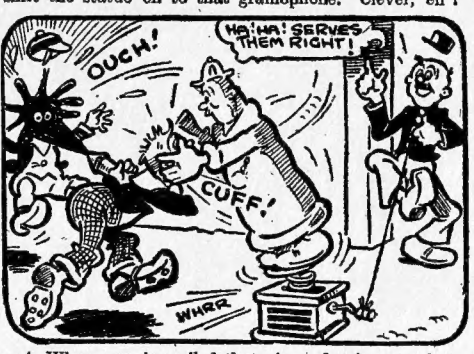
1. When Toby Tatts toddled out to polish up the statue
of Silas Fluebrush t'other morn he found it severely
soiled with black ink. "Haw, haw! How's that, Toby?"
cackled the kids with the squirt. "Done you again!"



3. Then, when all was set, Toby Tatts waited. And
sure enough, those ink-spraying youthlets returned.
"Look! Toby's cleaned it!" whooped one. "Splash
it again, Clarence!" "Now for it!" tittered our Toby.

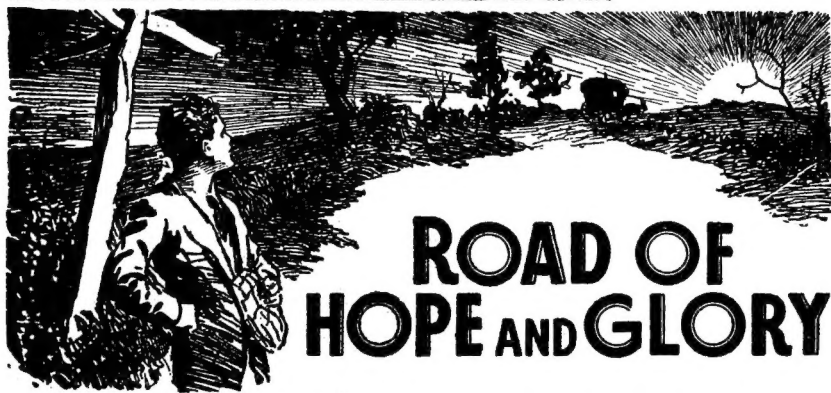


2. So Toby put on his thinking-cap and decided to do
those larky lads a bad turn. "A shift in time saves
trouble," quoth our comical caretaker, taking care to
shift the statue on to that gramophone. Clever, eh?



4. Whereupon he pulled that piece of string attached
to the gramophone, thusly starting the motor and causing
the statue to turn on the young rascals, like so—slap,
swish! A "hand-some" revenge, wasn't it? 26-10-35

Mystery and Sporting Adventure on the Open Road.

ROAD OF
HOPE AND GLORY

Barry Bryant was down and out when he met Joe Palmer, ex-boxing champion and pedlar of patent medicine. But a new and better chance came the boy's way, and old Joe was missing when Barry went to find him.

New Comrades.

"DON'T try to follow me. We'll meet again—but not until you've made good—"

The words seemed to beat in Barry Bryant's brain as he stood alone in the moon-land clearing beside the embers of the dying camp-fire. Slowly he crushed the note, Joe Palmer had left, in his hand and turned away.

It was all in keeping with the old sportsman's character. Thinking he would be in the way—now Barry had been taken up by Sigismund Wilmot, the big fight promoter—he had quixotically stolen away out of Barry's life.

His thoughts turned to the only haven left him—Wilmot's boxing "stable" down in the town. The promoter had given him twenty-four hours to reconsider his decision to stand by Joe Palmer. And now Joe himself had cast the deciding vote.

Squaring his shoulders under his shabby jacket Barry strode from the clearing and along the moorland road. He knew he was going to possible fame and fortune in the ring—yet his heart was heavy as he thought of his old friend and mentor alone with the caravan—a sick man trying to snatch a living from his patent elixir at the fairs and market grounds—alone.

Washington, Wilmot's big nigger body-guard, opened the door of the arena to Barry's knock.

"Well, well, well, Massa Barry! So you've come back to de fold!" greeted Washington, a welcoming grin splitting his ebony face to reveal his glistening white teeth. "Come right in, suh. De boys am at supper, but de boss is in his sangum!"

Wilmot himself came out of the office as Washington ushered Barry into the gym.

"Hallo, my boy! So you've changed your mind, eh?" said the promoter in his breezy way. And as Barry rather shamefacedly nodded assent he ushered the lad into his office.

This time Barry made no demur about signing the agreement to join Wilmot's fighting string, living in on the premises with the rest.

Then Washington piloted him into the dining-room attached to the hall where the members of Wilmot's establishment he had already met were seated at a long, wooden table.

Two or three of them gave him a warm greeting. Only Kid Somers, the sly faced light-heavyweight, who had given him a drubbing earlier on, ignoring his entry.

Bob Miller, the kindly trainer, gave Barry a chair between himself and the red-headed giant, Patsy Tupper, and Washington, who seemed to be odd-job man and general factotum of the place, brought him in a plate of cold meat, pickles, and brown bread.

But to Barry, who had scarcely eaten all

day, the frugal fare was food fit for the gods. He ate voraciously, finding little time to join in the conversation, chiefly about Kid Somers' chances in a needle match the following Saturday.

The meal over however, the boxers gathered round a big fire in one corner of the room, and Washington produced a battered banjo. Fingering the strings lovingly he commenced to strum an accompaniment to his own rich, rolling voice in which he sang some of the old plantation ditties. The rest joined in the choruses, until it seemed the roof would lift under the volume of sound.

But Barry was not singing; still thinking of the friend who had left him for his own good, Barry was vowing to himself that Joe's sacrifice should not be in vain.

Barry Gets His Chance.

"STEADY, son—watch his left. Never mind his head—might as well biff a solid piece of rock as that nig's cranium."

Bob Miller grunted the advice to Barry as he flicked a towel in front of his heated face. The youngster sat in one corner of the twenty foot ring at the Arena gym, while Washington grinned across at him from the other.

Barry was feeling like a veritable fighting giant that morning. He was determined to

had made no move to make friends; on the other hand, he showed no direct enmity.

In the days that followed Barry often found himself thinking of Somers. He seemed to have some secret grudge against the world—but what had caused it, baffled the boy.

Somers was training for a fairly important bout with one Cast-Iron Milligan, and was the "star" man of Wilmot's string. He was being specially nursed by Bob Miller, and his chances in his forthcoming tussle were almost the sole topic of discussion as the day drew near.

Milligan's backers were notoriously crooked in the boxing world, and for fear of interference Somers was never allowed out of his quarters alone; always one or two of the others accompanied him.

But nothing untoward occurred—until the afternoon before the fight. It fell out that it was Barry's turn to accompany Somers on his last roadwork; Bob Miller, who had ricked his ankle on the previous day, being unable to go with them.

Feeling the responsibility of his charge, Barry kept close to Somers as they ran at an easy pace along the moorland road. They travelled in silence; Somers, in his usual taciturn way, addressing no word to his companion.

Barry was glad of this for the familiar moorland scene brought back vivid memories of the professor. How was old Joe faring now? Had he reached the warmer Devon lanes—so different from the bleak northern moors in late autumn?

Barry's thoughts broke off, and he halted involuntarily at sight of a lonely figure that had just swung round a bend in the road in front of them. He recognised Barney Wolland—a man he and Joe had often seen on the fairgrounds they visited with the famous elixir.

Barney recognised Barry at the same moment and halted in front of him.

"Why, cully," he greeted, shaking hands warmly, "fancy meetin' you!" His eyes fixed on the white sweater and shorts Barry was wearing. "So you've gone in for a new line of business—eh?" he went on. "Boxing—eh?"

Barry nodded.

"Yes," he answered. "How's the swag selling nowadays?"

Barney was a cheapjack who sold "swag"—cheap jewellery—on the fairgrounds.

"Not too well, cully—not too well," he replied. "Too much parney" (rain) on the tober (fairground) this time o' year. I—"



"Lie down, Somers!" yelled Barry. And he jumped to drag the boxer down.

show Wilmot, who was watching from the door of his office, exactly what he could do.

Bob gave a signal, and Barry jumped up to meet Washington again in the centre of the ring.

"Yo, yo, yo, Massa Barry!" chuckled the cheery black, as he took a blow meant for his chin on the crown of his woolly pate. "Dat's one for my nob. But ain't no manner ob use hittin' dis darky on de top to win. Dis chile's coconut am his fortune. You'm—Ooch!"

His banter ended with a gasp as Barry, covering up adroitly, got in his right on the other's solar plexus—a beautiful, well-timed blow that doubled Washington up like a knife.

And before the giant darky could recover Barry had pushed out another to the point that sent him sprawling backward to the boards.

Miller signalled the end of the bout, and Barry rushed to assist his black friend to his feet.

"Golly! Where's de boss dat kicked dis nigger?" chuckled Washington, dazed, but still grinning. "My word, Massa Barry, you'm sure got de right dope in dose mitts ob yours!"

Wilmot came across as Barry was going for his tub.

"Keep it up, boy!" grunted the promoter, chewing at his cigar. "I'll try you out in the ring as soon as I can fix a bout for you."

Barry flushed at the praise, and, muttering his thanks, went off to the bath-room for a cold shower.

Already he was feeling the fascination of his new life—the well-planned training and the rough-and-ready comradeship of the rest of the "boys." Washington seemed to have appointed himself Barry's special attendant, and the others were definitely friendly towards the newcomer—except Kid Somers.

The dark-haired, swarthy light-heavyweight

Somers' rather surly voice interrupted the conversation.

"I'll just carry on to the next corner while you're gassing to your pal," he told Barry. "I'll pick you up here on my way back."

Barry nodded, and Somers swung away. The lad felt a little guilty at leaving Somers alone even for so short a space, but Wolland's next words, however, drove all such thoughts out of his mind.

"By the way, cully, I ran into your sidekick—the professor—this morning over at Mid-thorpe Market."

Barry's eyes opened wide.

"The professor!" he repeated. "But I thought he was in Devon."

"Not on your life; he's still working these parts," was the definite reply. "Looks a very sick man to me. What he needs is a month in a nursing-home. But he told me this morning he's almost broke."

"I see," muttered Barry.

If only he himself could find the money the old man needed! But he hadn't a penny until he could earn money in the ring.

The reappearance of Somers interrupted Barry's thoughts as the boxer swung round the bend in the road just in front. Even as Somers showed up Barry heard the low purr of a powerful engine, and with dramatic suddenness a long, low touring car swung round the bend—almost on top of the runner.

Somers heard it and jumped to the side of the road—leaving the vehicle room to pass. But, to Barry's unbelieving horror, the driver swung his wheel in Somers' wake.

He was deliberately riding the boxer down—trying to crush him against the high bank at the side of the road.

"Lie down, Somers!" yelled Barry.

And while the boxer hesitated Barry cleared

the distance with a desperate leap and grabbed the other round the waist.

He had a vision of the radiator of the car, bearing down on them like a juggernaut, and then he had pulled Somers in a sprawling heap on the ground.

The roar of the engine sounded deafeningly in his ears as the monster car shot over the place where the pair lay. For two awful moments they were in darkness, then the autumn sunlight was again in their eyes as the car passed on, having done them no more harm than brush Barry with its front number plate as he lay between the wheel-tracks.

Barney Wolland yelled frantically to the driver to stop but he ignored the command, driving at a furious pace until another bend hid him from sight.

Breathless and startled, Barry and Somers rose to their feet. The latter's face was twisted with pain.

"Why, Somers—you aren't hurt?" demanded Barry. "The car didn't touch you."

Somers grimaced.

"No; thanks to you, that skunk in the car didn't hit me, but as I fell I twisted my wrist. I think—it's broken."

Concernedly Barry examined the boxer's hand and arm, and his worst fears were realised. The member was badly sprained, if not actually broken. The injury was sufficient to keep Somers out of the ring on the morrow! Barney Wolland was as indignant as either of the boxers.

"He did that on purpose. I reck'n we ought to tell the police, Barry," he said. "I'll get down to the stream over yonder and fetch a drop of water. Cold water is good for sprains."

But Somers shook his head. His mouth was grim and set.

"Don't worry, chummy; it'll take more than cold water to put me right!" he growled.

Barry tore a strip off his running vest and tried to make a sling for the injured wrist. He felt terribly guilty over the whole affair. Wilmot had chosen him that day to be Somers' companion, and he had badly let his boss down.

"It is really my fault. I ought not to have stopped to talk to Barney here!" he muttered.

"Aw, cut it out!" grunted Somers. "The whole thing's a plant, but we can't prove anything. We had better get back to the Arena and let 'em know the worst."

And, with a curt nod to the still indignant Barney, he led the way back to the boxing school.

Wilmot's rage when they reached the Arena with their story was terrible to see.

"The dirty bounds!" he roared. "This is Ferguson's—Cast-Iron Milligan's manager—work! Somers can't go into the ring like this. We're bunkered, I tell you!"

It was Bob Miller who interposed soothingly.

"I know, boss—it's tough. But we can still put a man into the ring—and he'll give Milligan a beating."

"Who do you mean? We haven't another man of Somers' weight!" growled Wilmot.

Miller pointed at Barry Bryant.

"What about him?" he demanded. "He'll turn the scale within Somers' weight, and he has already proved he is good. I admit he is not at his best yet, but even now I reckon there is more in him than we know."

"Sure dat is so, boss!" broke in Washington, his ebony face agleam with delight at such a suggestion. "Dis yar Barry is a coming champion, or I'll eat my ring shoes. Let him try, boss. It will be the most splendiferous win you ever had."

Barry listened in amazement. He could hardly credit that Bob Miller, an experienced fighter, was serious. Anxiously he looked across at Wilmot.

The boxing promoter pursed his lips thoughtfully.

"All right," he said at last. "I'll phone Ferguson and ask if he's any objection. Won't have, of course to an unknown lad. And you can weigh in instead of Somers in the morning, Bryant!"

Barry, hardly able to believe his ears, muttered his thanks, and, more to hide his excitement than anything else, strode out of the office where the interview had taken place.

As Barry walked with pulses thrumming through the darkened gym a shadow detached itself from behind a vaulting-horse, and a low voice halted the lad.

Puzzled, he stared at the stranger—a tall, thin man—in front of him.

"My name's Ferguson," the fellow told him calmly. "Quiet! I don't want Wilmot to know I'm here. But I heard him arrange just now for you to take Somers' place. And I've a proposition to make to you."

"And that is?" asked Barry.

"That you sell this fight—promise to lose against Milligan—for a consideration of fifty pounds—see?"

And before Barry could utter the angry words that rose to his lips the other pulled something that crackled and rustled from his pocket-book—a fifty-pound banknote.

Fifty pounds! More money than Barry had even seen at once in his life before. Enough to give old Joe that month in a nursing home and keep him in luxury right through his convalescence—just to promise to lose a fight that he might not win, anyway!

Barry hesitated.

(It is a great temptation to Barry. Next week's gripping chapters give his answer. Make sure of them.)

FREE FUN GIFT FOR YOU
THIS GRAND NOVELTY FLIP THE FROG, GIVEN AWAY FREE WITH EVERY COPY OF THIS WEEK'S

JOLLY COMIC
NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE
HOURS OF FUN FOR EVERYONE

1^p

Professor Goozoc

And Ferdie Fitznix

His Assistant.

Goozey's latest invention makes things a little too warm to be comfortable for him.

Hot Stuff.

It was a slip of the tongue that caused all the bother.

The tongue—one of the tinned ox variety—happened to slip off the plate just as Ferdie Fitznix drifted into the dining-room of Goozoc Grange with it.

Unfortunately, old Professor Goozoc happened to be in the act of sampling a cup of coffee at the moment, and when the slippery tongue caught him just abait the back collar-stud, he thought he had been stung by a flying flea, and he jerked his nose down into the hot coffee—splish!

"Wow!" yelled the old professor, leaping up as though he had been kicked by an All Black. "What are you doing? How dare you, you careless young cuckoo! Oogh! My nose!"

"Corks!" gasped Ferdie Fitznix. "Ow! 'orrid!" he added, dropping two aitches and the plate as well. "Scuse me, guv'nor!"

"Bah! Come here, you rascal!" roared Goozey, as his youthful assistant barked for the door. "I'll tan the tan off you for this!"

But Ferdie didn't stop to accept the offer. The sun had tanned him quite enough during the summer. So out into the hall he bolted, intending to make a bolt for the front door.

Unluckily, it was already bolted, so he hastily dived through the door under the staircase down into the coal-cellar.

"Things look pretty black down here," murmured the bright lad to himself; "but it's a black outlook for me if the guv'nor catches me!"

This was really only "coaled" comfort; but Ferdie being an artful dodger, thought he might manage to keep out of his angry master's eyesight down in the darkness.

Presently a sound like a team of wild elephants in hobnailed boots heralded the descent of Professor Goozoc into the cellar.

"Now, then, you rascal," came a voice from the gloom, "where are you? Just wait till I lay my hands on you, that's all! I'll come down on you like a ton of bricks!"

But at that moment a circle of light appeared directly above him, and something descended upon him like a ton of bricks instead. Crash! Biff! Wallop! Bonk!

"Coalman!" carolled a voice from the street above.

And Goozey had received his winter supply of fuel.

"Ow! Geroogh!" he wailed, collapsing in the midst of a heap of Derby Brights. "Help! Help!"

"Coo! Hope that hasn't annoyed him!" piped Ferdie Fitznix. "Are you hurt, sir?"

"No—only bent!" sniffed Goozey. "Help me upstairs, you scamp! Oh, my crummet!"

So his gallant assistant nobly assisted him up to the library, where, with the aid of a refresher from the goldfish-bowl, the inventive genius duly recovered.

Then an idea struck him. "I have it, my boy!" he whooped.

"What—the pip?" inquired Ferdie.

"No, dolt!" sniffed Goozey. "When that wretched coal struck me it struck me how dangerous such fuel really is. What is wanted is something much simpler and smaller for radiating warmth in the homely hearth. Come, Ferdinand, my boy, to the laboratory!"

The world is fairly burning for this invention!

So, in single file and their best boots, Goozey and Ferdie hid them to the laboratory, where the amazing invention was duly invented.

"See? I have done it!" cried Goozey, a little later, holding out a small bottleful of white pills. "Behold the Goozoc Patent Heaters! One of these, placed in a small quantity of water, will radiate sufficient heat to cook twenty dinners, drive a steam-engine through the Rocky Mountains or keep a house warm for a year!"

"You don't say!" gasped Ferdie Fitznix, swallowing a toffee-apple in one gulp.

"I do, indeed!" replied the inventive genius. "Here, hold them for me, Ferdinand, while I don my hat and overcoat!"

Accordingly, Ferdie took the bottleful of white pills, assisted his master into his bowler-hat and bobtail coat, and then out they went.

"First, I will demonstrate them to my old friend, Marmaduke Muffin!" declared Goozey, as they gambolled down the street. "He has a very draughty, cold office. I caught whooping-cough in the back of my neck last time I visited him! It's just the place to prove how indispensable are the Goozoc Patent Heaters!"

But our prize pair didn't get as far as the office of the worthy Marmaduke Muffin.

It so happened that a youth by the name of Bertie Biggins, a rival of Ferdie's, had got a job at the local ice-skating rink, and, as he saw Ferdie going past, Bertie promptly pulled out his pea-shooter and let fly.

Of course, Ferdie was his target. But, as Professor Goozey happened to be beside him, that worthy cut stopped three of the peas—one with his ear and two with his nose.

"Owp!" yelled the professor. "Who hit me?"

"Eek!" echoed his young assistant. "It's that young pudden-head over there! I'll give him a sock on the nose for that!"

"I'll give him a pair of socks!" snorted Goozey generously.

Seeing them dashing across the road, young Bertie Biggins hastily withdrew into the building. But Ferdie Fitznix was on the war-path, and, followed by his master, he dashed into the ice-rink.

As he ran Ferdie yanked a pea-shooter out of his pocket, then suddenly realised he had no ammunition with him.

"Or had he?" thought he to himself, as a bright idea trickled into the vacancy under his hair-parting.

With a side-slipped glance at Goozey, the bright lad took out the bottleful of Goozoc Patent Heaters, uncorked it, and poured half a dozen or so into his pea-shooter.

Then he shot at the retreating figure of Bertie Biggins, who had just darted round the side of the big sheet of ice on which a crowd of experts were skating.

But, as Ferdie was shooting at random as well as at Bertie, he misfired, and most of the Patent Heater pills scattered over the ice.

A loud hissing and sizzling brought a look of alarm to Ferdie's face and a sort of unfriendly look from Goozey told him he wasn't going to be so popular.

He was right, too!

"You young dunderhead!" shouted Professor Goozoc. "Those were my Patent Heaters, and—Ow! Look!"

There was a loud splash several gulps and gurgles, and next instant all the skaters were floundering in a mass of steaming water!

"It's melted it!" gasped Ferdie.

"Yaroorh! Turn it off!" bellowed the skaters. "What's the idea? Who turned this rink into a Turkish bath?"

Whereupon somebody pointed accusingly and rudely at the master-inventor and his bright assistant.

"They did it!" he shouted. "I saw 'em throw something on to the ice! Hold 'em!"

"This way out, guv'nor!" piped Ferdie, heading for the nearest exit. "We made a mistake! Only skaters are allowed in here!"

By the sounds behind them, it appeared that only good swimmers would be accommodated. But Goozey didn't stop to argue.

Out he dashed after Ferdie, and down the street they tore, with a yelling mob from the ice-rink in hot pursuit.

"Phoo! Who wants heaters now?" panted Ferdie, as they dived round a corner after ten minutes' fast run.

"Let's get in here!" he suggested, spotting a large and inviting doorway.

Professor Goozey hurriedly followed him. But hardly had they got inside than a burly filbert, dressed in a uniform and peaked cap, popped out before them.

"Hoy! Not so fast!" he rumbled. "It's a bob each to come into the waxworks!"

"Waxworks?" repeated Ferdie, still running. "Well, it we like the show, we'll pay."

"Sez you!" snorted the commissionaire.

Saying which, he flung out his foot, neatly tripping up Ferdie Fitznix—or, to be more precise, tripping him down. Whack! Crash!

The crash was the sound which the bottle of Goozoc Patent Heaters made as it smote the hard floor accompanied by Ferdie. Like a shower of dwarf-size snowballs, the pills went flying out of the broken bottle, most of them taking a high dive into an ornamental fountain just ahead.

And that caused it! In a couple of jiffies the temperature of the waxworks flew up to extra-special Sahara brand summer heat, causing all the wax figures to droop and turn cowardly. Yes, they ran!

"Great pip! L-I-look what's happened, gug-gug-guv'nor!" gasped Ferdie. "Let's go!"

But that's precisely what they couldn't do. A river of melted wax was already flowing from the drooping figures, and as our heroes turned to run they found they were stuck!

"Grfr! Ruin the waxworks, would you?" howled the commissionaire. "Help! P'lice!"

And by the time Professor Goozey and Ferdie had been sorted out of the sea of melted wax—and settled the bill—neither felt very enthusiastic about Goozoc Patent Heaters.

"Ow! Help! Help!" wailed Goozey from under the flood of Derby Brights.

Professor Goozey hurriedly followed him. But hardly had they got inside than a burly filbert, dressed in a uniform and peaked cap, popped out before them.

"Hoy! Not so fast!" he rumbled. "It's a bob each to come into the waxworks!"

"Waxworks?" repeated Ferdie, still running. "Well, it we like the show, we'll pay."

"Sez you!" snorted the commissionaire.

Saying which, he flung out his foot, neatly tripping up Ferdie Fitznix—or, to be more precise, tripping him down. Whack! Crash!

The crash was the sound which the bottle of Goozoc Patent Heaters made as it smote the hard floor accompanied by Ferdie. Like a shower of dwarf-size snowballs, the pills went flying out of the broken bottle, most of them taking a high dive into an ornamental fountain just ahead.

And that caused it! In a couple of jiffies the temperature of the waxworks flew up to extra-special Sahara brand summer heat, causing all the wax figures to droop and turn cowardly. Yes, they ran!

"Great pip! L-I-look what's happened, gug-gug-guv'nor!" gasped Ferdie. "Let's go!"

But that's precisely what they couldn't do. A river of melted wax was already flowing from the drooping figures, and as our heroes turned to run they found they were stuck!

"Grfr! Ruin the waxworks, would you?" howled the commissionaire. "Help! P'lice!"

And by the time Professor Goozey and Ferdie had been sorted out of the sea of melted wax—and settled the bill—neither felt very enthusiastic about Goozoc Patent Heaters.

"Ow! Help! Help!" wailed Goozey from under the flood of Derby Brights.

Professor Goozey hurriedly followed him. But hardly had they got inside than a burly filbert, dressed in a uniform and peaked cap, popped out before them.

"Hoy! Not so fast!" he rumbled. "It's a bob each to come into the waxworks!"

"Waxworks?" repeated Ferdie, still running. "Well, it we like the show, we'll pay."

"Sez you!" snorted the commissionaire.

Saying which, he flung out his foot, neatly tripping up Ferdie Fitznix—or, to be more precise, tripping him down. Whack! Crash!

The crash was the sound which the bottle of Goozoc Patent Heaters made as it smote the hard floor accompanied by Ferdie. Like a shower of dwarf-size snowballs, the pills went flying out of the broken bottle, most of them taking a high dive into an ornamental fountain just ahead.

And that caused it! In a couple of jiffies the temperature of the waxworks flew up to extra-special Sahara brand summer heat, causing all the wax figures to droop and turn cowardly. Yes, they ran!

"Great pip! L-I-look what's happened, gug-gug-guv'nor!" gasped Ferdie. "Let's go!"

But that's precisely what they couldn't do. A river of melted wax was already flowing from the drooping figures, and as our heroes turned to run they found they were stuck!

"Grfr! Ruin the waxworks, would you?" howled the commissionaire. "Help! P'lice!"

And by the time Professor Goozey and Ferdie had been sorted out of the sea of melted wax—and settled the bill—neither felt very enthusiastic about Goozoc Patent Heaters.

"Ow! Help! Help!" wailed Goozey from under the flood of Derby Brights.

Professor Goozey hurriedly followed him. But hardly had they got inside than a burly filbert, dressed in a uniform and peaked cap, popped out before them.

"Hoy! Not so fast!" he rumbled. "It's a bob each to come into the waxworks!"

"Waxworks?" repeated Ferdie, still running. "Well, it we like the show, we'll pay."

"Sez you!" snorted the commissionaire.

Saying which, he flung out his foot, neatly tripping up Ferdie Fitznix—or, to be more precise, tripping him down. Whack! Crash!

The crash was the sound which the bottle of Goozoc Patent Heaters made as it smote the hard floor accompanied by Ferdie. Like a shower of dwarf-size snowballs, the pills went flying out of the broken bottle, most of them taking a high dive into an ornamental fountain just ahead.

And that caused it! In a couple of jiffies the temperature of the waxworks flew up to extra-special Sahara brand summer heat, causing all the wax figures to droop and turn cowardly. Yes, they ran!

"Great pip! L-I-look what's happened, gug-gug-guv'nor!" gasped Ferdie. "Let's go!"

But that's precisely what they couldn't do. A river of melted wax was already flowing from the drooping figures, and as our heroes turned to run they found they were stuck!

"Grfr! Ruin the waxworks, would you?" howled the commissionaire. "Help! P'lice!"

And by the time Professor Goozey and Ferdie had been sorted out of the sea of melted wax—and settled the bill—neither felt very enthusiastic about Goozoc Patent Heaters.

"Ow! Help! Help!" wailed Goozey from under the flood of Derby Brights.

Professor Goozey hurriedly followed him. But hardly had they got inside than a burly filbert, dressed in a uniform and peaked cap, popped out before them.

"Hoy! Not so fast!" he rumbled. "It's a bob each to come into the waxworks!"

"Waxworks?" repeated Ferdie, still running. "Well, it we like the show, we'll pay."

"Sez you!" snorted the commissionaire.

Saying which, he flung out his foot, neatly tripping up Ferdie Fitznix—or, to be more precise, tripping him down. Whack! Crash!

The crash was the sound which the bottle of Goozoc Patent Heaters made as it smote the hard floor accompanied by Ferdie. Like a shower of dwarf-size snowballs, the pills went flying out of the broken bottle, most of them taking a high dive into an ornamental fountain just ahead.

And that caused it! In a couple of jiffies the temperature of the waxworks flew up to extra-special Sahara brand summer heat, causing all the wax figures to droop and turn cowardly. Yes, they ran!

"Great pip! L-I-look what's happened, gug-gug-guv'nor!" gasped Ferdie. "Let's go!"

But that's precisely what they couldn't do. A river of melted wax was already flowing from the drooping figures, and as our heroes turned to run they found they were stuck!

"Grfr! Ruin the waxworks, would you?" howled the commissionaire. "Help! P'lice!"

And by the time Professor Goozey and Ferdie had been sorted out of the sea of melted wax—and settled the bill—neither felt very enthusiastic about Goozoc Patent Heaters.

"Ow! Help! Help!" wailed Goozey from under the flood of Derby Brights.

Professor Goozey hurriedly followed him. But hardly had they got inside than a burly filbert, dressed in a uniform and peaked cap, popped out before them.

"Hoy! Not so fast!" he rumbled. "It's a bob each to come into the waxworks!"

"Waxworks?" repeated Ferdie, still running. "Well, it we like the show, we'll pay."

"Sez you!" snorted the commissionaire.

Saying which, he flung out his foot, neatly tripping up Ferdie Fitznix—or, to be more precise, tripping him down. Whack! Crash!

The crash was the sound which the bottle of Goozoc Patent Heaters made as it smote the hard floor accompanied by Ferdie. Like a shower of dwarf-size snowballs, the pills went flying out of the broken bottle, most of them taking a high dive into an ornamental fountain just ahead.

And that caused it! In a couple of jiffies the temperature of the waxworks flew up to extra-special Sahara brand summer heat, causing all the wax figures to droop and turn cowardly. Yes, they ran!

"Great pip! L-I-look what's happened, gug-gug-guv'nor!" gasped Ferdie. "Let's go!"

But that's precisely what they couldn't do. A river of melted wax was already flowing from the drooping figures, and as our heroes turned to run they found they were stuck!

"Grfr! Ruin the waxworks, would you?" howled the commissionaire. "Help! P'lice!"

And by the time Professor Goozey and Ferdie had been sorted out of the sea of melted wax—and settled the bill—neither felt very enthusiastic about Goozoc Patent Heaters.

"Ow! Help! Help!" wailed Goozey from under the flood of Derby Brights.

Professor Goozey hurriedly followed him. But hardly had they got inside than a burly filbert, dressed in a uniform and peaked cap, popped out before them.

"Hoy! Not so fast!" he rumbled. "It's a bob each to come into the waxworks!"

"Waxworks?" repeated Ferdie, still running. "Well, it we like the show, we'll pay."

"Sez you!" snorted the commissionaire.

Saying which, he flung out his foot, neatly tripping up Ferdie Fitznix—or, to be more precise, tripping him down. Whack! Crash!

The crash was the sound which the bottle of Goozoc Patent Heaters made as it smote the hard floor accompanied by Ferdie. Like a shower of dwarf-size snowballs, the pills went flying out of the broken bottle, most of them taking a high dive into an ornamental fountain just ahead.

And that caused it! In a couple of jiffies the temperature of the waxworks flew up to extra-special Sahara brand summer heat, causing all the wax figures to droop and turn cowardly. Yes, they ran!

"Great pip! L-I-look what's happened, gug-gug-guv'nor!" gasped Ferdie. "Let's go!"

But that's precisely what they couldn't do. A river of melted wax was already flowing from the drooping figures, and as our heroes turned to run they found they were stuck!

"Grfr! Ruin the waxworks, would you?" howled the commissionaire. "Help! P'lice!"

And by the time Professor Goozey and Ferdie had been sorted out of the sea of melted wax—and settled the bill—neither felt very enthusiastic about Goozoc Patent Heaters.

"Ow! Help! Help!" wailed Goozey from under the flood of Derby Brights.

Professor Goozey hurriedly followed him. But hardly had they got inside than a burly filbert, dressed in a uniform and peaked cap, popped out before them.

"Hoy! Not so fast!" he rumbled. "It's a bob each to come into the waxworks!"

"Waxworks?" repeated Ferdie, still running. "Well, it we like the show, we'll pay."

"Sez you!" snorted the commissionaire.

Saying which, he flung out his foot, neatly tripping up Ferdie Fitznix—or, to be more precise, tripping him down. Whack! Crash!

The crash was the sound which the bottle of Goozoc Patent Heaters made as it smote the hard floor accompanied by Ferdie. Like a shower of dwarf-size snowballs, the pills went flying out of the broken bottle, most of them taking a high dive into an ornamental fountain just ahead.

And that caused it! In a couple of jiffies the temperature of the waxworks flew up to extra-special Sahara brand summer heat, causing all the wax figures to droop and turn cowardly. Yes, they ran!

"Great pip! L-I-look what's happened, gug-gug-guv'nor!" gasped Ferdie. "Let's go!"

But that's precisely what they couldn't do. A river of melted wax was already flowing from the drooping figures, and as our heroes turned to run they found they were stuck!

"Grfr! Ruin the waxworks, would you?" howled the commissionaire. "Help! P'lice!"

And by the time Professor Goozey and Ferdie had been sorted out of the sea of melted wax—and settled the bill—neither felt very enthusiastic about Goozoc Patent Heaters.

"Ow! Help! Help!" wailed Goozey from under the flood of Derby Brights.

Professor Goozey hurriedly followed him. But hardly had they got inside than a burly filbert, dressed in a uniform and peaked cap, popped out before them.

"Hoy! Not so fast!" he rumbled. "It's a bob each to come into the waxworks!"

"Waxworks?" repeated Ferdie, still running. "Well, it we like the show, we'll pay."

"Sez you!" snorted the commissionaire.

Saying which, he flung out his foot, neatly tripping up Ferdie Fitznix—or, to be more precise, tripping him down. Whack! Crash!

The crash was the sound which the bottle of Goozoc Patent Heaters made as it smote the hard floor accompanied by Ferdie. Like a shower of dwarf-size snowballs, the pills went flying out of the broken bottle, most of them taking a high dive into an ornamental fountain just ahead.

And that caused it! In a couple of jiffies the temperature of the waxworks flew up to extra-special Sahara brand summer heat, causing all the wax figures to droop and turn cowardly. Yes, they ran!

"Great pip! L-I-look what's happened, gug-gug-guv'nor!" gasped Ferdie. "Let's go!"

But that's precisely what they couldn't do. A river of melted wax was already flowing from the drooping figures, and as our heroes turned to run they found they were stuck!

"Grfr! Ruin the waxworks, would you?" howled the commissionaire. "Help! P'lice!"

And by the time Professor Goozey and Ferdie had been sorted out of the sea of melted wax—and settled the bill—neither felt very enthusiastic about Goozoc Patent Heaters.

"Ow! Help! Help!" wailed Goozey from under the flood of Derby Brights.

Professor Goozey hurriedly followed him. But hardly had they got inside than a burly filbert, dressed in a uniform and peaked cap, popped out before them.

"Hoy! Not so fast!" he rumbled. "It's a bob each to come into the waxworks!"

"Waxworks?" repeated Ferdie, still running. "Well, it we like the show, we'll pay."

"Sez you!" snorted the commissionaire.

Saying which, he flung out his foot, neatly tripping up Ferdie Fitznix—or, to be more precise, tripping him down. Whack! Crash!

The crash was the sound which the bottle of Goozoc Patent Heaters made as it smote the hard floor accompanied by Ferdie. Like a shower of dwarf-size snowballs, the pills went flying out of the broken bottle, most of them taking a high dive into an ornamental fountain just ahead.

And that caused it! In a couple of jiffies the temperature of the waxworks flew up to extra-special Sahara brand summer heat, causing all the wax figures to droop and turn cowardly. Yes, they ran!

"Great pip! L-I-look what's happened, gug-gug-guv'nor!" gasped Ferdie. "Let's go!"

But that's precisely what they couldn't do. A river of melted wax was already flowing from the drooping figures, and as our heroes turned to run they found they were stuck!

"Grfr! Ruin the waxworks, would you?" howled the commissionaire. "Help! P'lice!"

And by the time Professor Goozey and Ferdie had been sorted out of the sea of melted wax—and settled the bill—neither felt very enthusiastic about Goozoc Patent Heaters.

"Ow! Help! Help!" wailed Goozey from under the flood of Derby Brights.

Professor Goozey hurriedly followed him. But hardly had they got inside than a burly filbert, dressed in a uniform and peaked cap, popped out before them.

"Hoy! Not so fast!" he rumbled. "It's a bob each to come into the waxworks!"

"Waxworks?" repeated Ferdie, still running. "Well, it we like the show, we'll pay."

"Sez you!" snorted the commissionaire.

Saying which, he flung out his foot, neatly tripping up Ferdie Fitznix—or, to be more precise, tri

PLUM AND DUFF THE BOYS OF THE BOLD BRIGADE



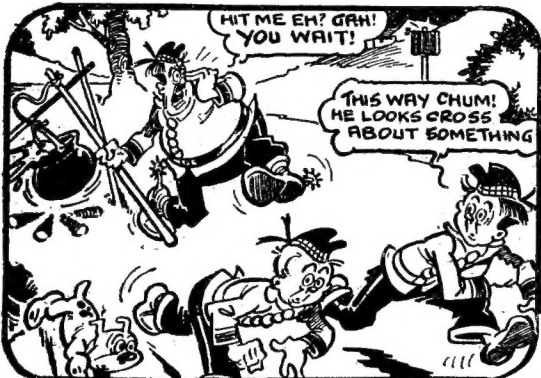
1. Strange as it may seem, dear readers, Plum and Duff had been dutifully obeying orders. M'ps! "Please, Sergy, we've filled the stewpot with spuds," said they to the Suet one.



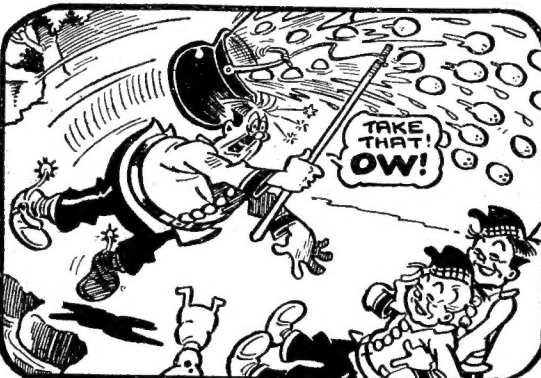
2. "Good! Now scram!" yapped old Three-stripes. "It's all for me!" But on the way away, Plum happened to spot a spud which they had dropped. "Sergy can have it," he sniffed.



3. "Coming over, sir!" And say-soing he slung the potato backwards like so, scoring a bullseye on the stewpot and bonking Sergy's boko—bonk! "Ho, ho! 'Stew' bad!" chirped Duff.



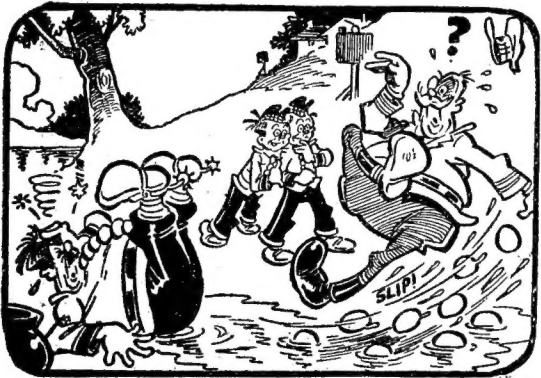
4. "Yah-boo! Hit me, would you?" yowled Sergy, losing his temper and finding a worse one to take its place. "You wait!" "Coo! I believe he's annoyed!" said our Plum.



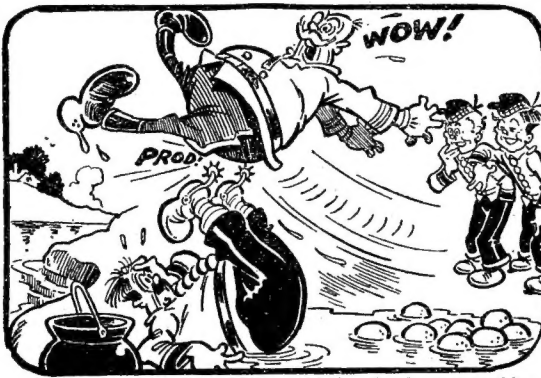
5. Then Sergy grabbed hold of a portion of the tripod and made a swipe at the chumlets. Unfortunately the stewpot came too, and—sperloosh! The angry one stopped the whole caboodle.



6. "Yaroosh!" spluttered Suet, sitting up with a bump and the hump. "Ho, ho! Taking it easy, Sergy?" tittered Duff. "What's this?" trolled Colonel Bogey. "Suet asleep again?"



7. "I think he must have had a heavy meal, sir," yummied Plum. "Bah! I'll rouse the lazy loafer!" boomed Bogey. But a few stray spuds gave him the slip! "Wow!" he yelped.



8. "Coo! Now he's going up in the air about something else!" prattled Plum, tucking a grin up his cuff. "Yow!" bawled the Big Noise as he sat on Sergy Suet's spurs.



9. He didn't stay on them for long, though. Having got a "rise" he felt "better off"—and got off, quick! Then down into the moisture of the river he went. "Corks!" sang Sergy



10. "That's put the Old Man in the soup!" "Sperloosh!" gulped Bogey, coming up for the first time of asking. "You're fishing for trouble, you fat suet-pudden! Take that one!"



11. Yes, that hefty tiddler pushed him off his pins, right into the stewpot. "Owp! Help me out! I'm stuck!" he wailed. "Then we'll stick to this!" chuckled the chums, taking the fish.



12. Meantime, Colonel Bogey had taken himself back to barracks, to take Sergy by surprise with the machine-gun when he "potted" in. "Now for a fish supper," lisped the lads.

MILES AND SMILES.



Farmer Cornstalk was feeling very weary in the roots, and when Garge Goomf told him there was a milestone ahead it didn't please the farmer 'cos he couldn't read. Still, that didn't matter a bit really 'cos there was nowt on that particular milestone!